NOTICE TO READER: When you finish reading this copy of Every Week place a one-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping, no address. A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

December 3, 1917 $1.00 a Year

Every Week

3¢

L F Elson
330 Lindenwood Ave
Topeka Kans

Something to remind him
Of the girl he left behind him

THE **Gem Damaskeene Razor** will best show your appreciation of him—**a Gift he deserves**—one that will give him ***real*** service. He must have a razor and because it's ***"The Best Safety"*** it should be a **Gem.** Same price, same number of blades, same **Gem** service.

$1.00 Outfit includes razor complete, with **seven Gem Damaskeene Blades,** shaving and stropping handles in handsome case.

Gem Military Outfit, $1.00—$2.50—$10.00
Includes razor, shaving and stropping handles, 12 Gem Damaskeene Blades, Badger brush and stick shaving soap.

Dealers Everywhere

GEM CUTLERY CO., Inc., NEW YORK
Canadian Branch: 261 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal

Separate Set Gem Blades 7 for 35c.

GEM
GEM DAMASKEENE BLADES
RAZOR

Here's What You Want for Xmas

—a Real LIONEL ELECTRIC TRAIN

$5 UP

Zingo! How It Speeds Away

the instant you touch the switch! But why not? It's a real electric train, patterned after the big ones—run by a powerful high-speed electric motor. Made of heavy gauge steel, beautifully enameled, unbreakable; good for years of fun. Operates at low cost on batteries, or on house circuit with Lionel Multivolt Transformer. Absolutely safe. For a million of thrills, get a Lionel Train!

NEW! $5

Armored Battle Car

Three searchlights. Turns also and shoots. Has high-power Lionel electric motor. For use with all Lionel trains. Price includes extra section "O" gauge track.

LIONEL ELECTRIC TOY TRAINS & Multivolt Transformers

New Transformer

Attaches to any house current. Runs all electric trains, toys and small apparatus. 4 to 10 volts. Cheaper than batteries. At your dealer or prepaid on receipt of $3.40. Others up to $8.

Xmas Catalog Free

This catalog shows the complete line of freight and passenger sets; over a hundred fascinating pictures. Pick out your gift and if not at your dealer's, I'll ship it prepaid on receipt of price.

J. Lionel Cowen, Pres.

THE LIONEL MFG. COMPANY
48-Y, E. 21st St., New York City

Be Good to Yourself, This Christmas, by Being Good to Some One Else

A CERTAIN man whom I know set out many years ago to become rich.

To himself and to his friends he said: "I do not care for money for its own sake. I want it for the good I can do with it. I am going to get together such and such a sum, and then I shall begin to give."

From time to time, as he prospered, opportunities came to him to do generous things: requests for contributions; individual cases of need; the pathetic appeal of the sick and the unfortunate.

From all of these he excused himself with the same reply. He would give them attention later, he said to himself. For the present he must devote all his energies to making his fortune.

The day came when he had gathered together the sum on which he had set his heart, and many thousands more.

And a tragic thing had happened to him: he had forgotten how to give. When he reached the place where he could afford to do the princely thing, behold, the habits of a life-time rose up and forbade him.

The generous impulse, so long denied, had not force enough to function. He died surrounded by his dollars—a lonely, shrunken, loveless old man.

I did not know Mrs. Hetty Green: few people did. But I can imagine that something of the same sort must have gone on inside of her.

Doubtless she had determined sometime to do some great good with her money.

But the time came, and she had lost the power. The instinct to get and to deny had smothered to death the ability to give.

Even in the making of her will she could not bring herself to one single generous act. In death, the hands so long hard clenched could not be opened.

We too often forget that our generous impulses—like our muscles—grow weak unless they are exercised.

Go through life saying, "I have not time to be kind to-day; later on, when I am not so busy, I will do it"—and behold, later on, when you are not busy, you will have lost the power to be kind.

Deny to-day the impulse to give a little money, and to-morrow's impulse will be that much weaker—until, finally, the impulse will not return at all.

He is great who confers the most benefits [says Emerson]. He is base—and that is the only base thing in the universe—to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we can not render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Put it away quickly in some ear..

Men pass over the saying "It is more blessed to give than to receive" as if it were a bit of idealistic nonsense.

It is, of course, one of the truest bits of wisdom ever spoken.

Every man who gives, gives to himself. To the sweetening and broadening of his own nature. Every man who refuses to give, by that refusal contracts and narrows his own soul.

A great opportunity is offered us this year—not merely to give to our own friends and relatives, but to send something to the boys in the camps; to the stricken people abroad; to the families of those men who have gone.

Make the most of that opportunity.

Picture to yourself the million and more boys in the camps; away from home; doubly lonesome because it is Christmas.

Put a gift in some soldier's stocking; let the day be happier for one homesick boy because of your thought and sacrifice.

Give, and give, and give. For in so doing you shall be showering benefits on yourself.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these," said the Founder of Christmas, "ye have done it unto me."

By which He meant, "ye have done it unto yourselves, unto your own souls—unto the God that is within you."

Bruce Barton, Editor.

Vol. 5, No. 23
December 3, 1917

Every Week

$1.00 Per Year
3 Cents a Copy

Published weekly by The Crowell Publishing Company, at Springfield, Ohio. Entered at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, as Second Class Matter.

KIFFIN ROCKWELL'S LETTERS TO HIS BROTHER

WE have seen many accounts of the exploits of the American fliers in France, but nothing that gives so vivid a sense of the courage and spirit of these young men as these letters, written by Kiffin Rockwell, and gathered together with comment by his brother after Kiffin's death. Kiffin was an American boy, twenty-four years old. Who can read this story without an added sense of wonder and reverence at the cool courage of men who can see their comrades downed, one after another, and yet, without flinching, can go about their work day after day, staring death in the face? The name "American" will have added splendor and significance for the peoples of Europe because of Kiffin Rockwell and his friends.

The first four American airmen to give up their lives in France are shown in this picture, standing on each side of Captain Georges Thenault. On his left, James Rogers McConnell and Kiffin Yates Rockwell; on his right, Norman Prince and Victor Emmanuel Chapman.

ABOUT nine o'clock on the evening of Monday, April 17, 1916, four cheerful, enthusiastic, eager-faced youths in the uniform of the French aviation corps, and one sad-featured civilian, stepped out of a taxi-cab in Paris. The aviators were Victor Chapman, my brother Kiffin Rockwell, Norman Prince, and James McConnell. They were happy and gay because they had at last come to the realization of their fondest hops, and were off for the front as the first four members of the newly formed American escadrille. The civilian was myself, and I was sad because I was not going with my four companions, and because I was apprehensive for the future.

A little dinner was held at a Paris restaurant that evening and the four aviators took the train for a place in Champagne.

The next four weeks were quiet ones. Machines were slow in arriving, and the boys began to get impatient. Then the aëroplanes came, and on the morning of May 17 the American escadrille made its initial flight over the lines as a fighting unit. Leaving their aviation field at daybreak, its members patrolled the German lines for two hours. Not one enemy machine was seen, but the Americans were everywhere greeted by a heavy shell fire from the boche anti-aircraft guns. Chapman and Thaw had their machines hit, but no real damage was done.

The following day Kiffin destroyed the escadrille's first German aëroplane, which was also the first one he had ever encountered in the air. He wrote me of his victory as follows:

Thursday, May 18, 1916.

Dear Paul:

Well, I at last have a little something to tell you. This morning I went out over the lines to make a little tour. I was somewhat the other side of our lines, when my motor began to miss a bit. I turned around to go to a camp near the lines.

Just as I started to head for there I saw a boche machine about seven hundred meters under me and a little inside our lines. I immediately reduced my motor and dived for him. He saw me at the same time, and began to dive towards home. It was a machine with a pilot and a gunner, carrying two rapid-fire guns, one facing the front, and one in the rear that turned on a pivot so it could be fired in any direction.

The gunner immediately opened fire on me, and my machine was hit; but I didn't pay any attention to that, and kept going straight for him until I got to within twenty-five or thirty meters of his machine. Then, just as I was afraid of running into him, I fired four or five shots, and swerved my machine to the right to keep from having a collision.

As I did that I saw the gunner fall back dead on the pilot, his machine-gun fall from its position and point straight up in the air, and the pilot fall to one side of the machine as if he too were done for. The machine itself first fell to one side, then dived vertically towards the ground with a lot of smoke coming out of the rear. I circled around, and three or four minutes later saw smoke coming up from the ground just beyond the German trenches.

The captain said he would propose me for the Médaille Militaire, but I don't know whether I will get it or not.

Yesterday Thaw had a fight that ended by the boche diving towards the ground. He was signaled as leaving the air on being seriously hit, but being able to get in his own lines.

Am very busy just now, as the order has just come for us to go to Verdun. Jim sent you a telegram about my fight.

Much love. KIFFIN.

THE first great air battle of the escadrille took place on May 24. The day's activity started before dawn, when Kiffin and Thaw flew far within the German lines. Over Etain they sighted a Fokker and an Aviatik. Thaw dived on the Fokker and shot it down in flames, while Kiffin gave battle to the Aviatik. After firing a few shots the boche fled; then the two Americans returned home to report Thaw's victory. Hastily refilling their reservoirs, they joined the other men of the escadrille for a patrol over the Verdun battle-ground.

Scores of French and German aëroplanes were up, and the battles that ensued were innumerable. The American pilots had several fights each, and two German machines besides Thaw's Fokker were officially credited to the escadrille that day. Thaw got in a mix-up with several boches, and a bullet hit him in the arm, breaking a small bone near the elbow. He was barely able to land just back of the French trenches, and was picked up in a dazed condition by several poilus. He was hastened to Paris, where he was under treatment for several weeks.

In a battle against three Aviatiks, Victor's arm was badly grazed by a bullet; but he did not even quit the fight, and succeeded in driving away his adversaries, destroying one of them and possibly another. Kiffin attacked a group of German aëroplanes. He shot one of them down; then an explosive bullet struck his wind-shield, and many bits of the missive cut nasty gouges around his mouth and nose. He was able to land safely, however, and had his wounds dressed at a Red Cross station.

I have an evil-looking bit of that German bullet, which was removed from his nose. Captain Thenault wished him to enter a hospital for treatment, but he refused. Taking a twenty-four hour leave, he came to Paris to assure me that he was not seriously hurt, then hurried back to fly. No pleading could induce him to take a few days of rest. I have never seen any one more full of eager anxiety to get back into the fray and fight the Germans.

I have before me three of the citations won by the boys that memorable day. They read:

Corporal-pilot Victor Chapman, an American citizen engaged voluntarily for the war's duration, a pilot remarkable for his audacity in dashing forward and attacking any number of enemy aëroplanes. Flying alone May 24, he attacked three enemy aëroplanes. In the course of the combat his climbing was traversed by many bullets, and he was wounded in the arm.

The citation for which Kiffin was proposed on May 18, and the one of May 24, were published together in the *Journal Officiel* as follows:

The Military Medal is conferred upon Corporal-pilot Kiffin Yates Rockwell, volunteer for the duration of the war. Wounded first during a bayonet charge, May 9, 1915. Transferred to the aviation service, he has there shown himself a skilful and courageous pilot. May 18, 1916, he attacked and brought down a German aëroplane. May 24 he did not hesitate to deliver attacks on several enemy machines, during the course of which combat he was painfully wounded in the face.

The present citation carries with it the Cross of War with palm.

William Thaw was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, with the following mention:

William Thaw, a volunteer pilot, remarkable for skill, dash, and contempt of danger. He has recently fought sixteen aërial battles at short range, brought down a German aëroplane on May 24, and attacked and pursued the same evening a group of three German machines. He was seriously wounded, but succeeded, thanks to his energy and audacity, in bringing back his seriously damaged aëroplane and landing normally.

WHILE the French and German infantrymen swayed back and forth, battling for every inch of ground, the airmen kept up their work above. The best German fighting escadrilles were daily over the Verdun sector, but the French pilots were more than a match for them. Inspired by the heroic daring and self-sacrificing devotion of their French comrades, the Americans put all their energy into doing well their "bit," and daily they drove enemy machines down from the clouds, hindering the Teutons much in their observation and artillery fire regulating work.

An idea of how they fought may be gained from this letter of Kiffin's, written June 16, the first anniversary of the death of Kenneth Weeks, Russell Kelly, Earle Fike, and others of his best friends of the Legion, who fell June 16, 1915, when the Legion had charged gloriously at Givenchy:

Saturday.

Dear Paul:

Well, the last two days have seen a lot of action in the air, but none of us have had much luck. I myself was caught twice yesterday by surprise, although I was watching for it at the same time and being very careful in what I was doing. The only reason that I didn't get brought down was that the boches shot poorly. I was attacking machines all the time, but they were always too many.

Victor has been a little too courageous, and got me into one of the mess-ups, because I couldn't stand back and see him get it alone. He was attacking all the time without paying much attention around him. He did the same thing this morning, and wouldn't come home when the rest of us did. The result was that he attacked one German, when a Fokker, in which we think was Boelke (the papers

Continued on page 20

A Letter to the Editor from a Homely Woman

I REALIZE that I am touching upon an unpopular subject: but something I have just read in a magazine has simply forced me to write. Why is no voice ever raised on behalf of the homely woman? Beauty seems to be the one essential in the eyes of men. Painters paint it, preachers preach it, and writers write it.

I know of only one story where the author had the nerve to keep his heroine homely to the end. To other writers the strain was too much, and always by some means—sickness, magic, or otherwise—they made the lady beautiful. Such things happen only in books—it doesn't ring true to nature.

The heart of a homely woman! Who has cared to fathom it? Verily it is an open sore for which there is no healing. Consciously or unconsciously, men and women, careless, indifferent, brutal or kind, send a thrust which keeps the wound forever unhealed.

Somewhere I read that a man was judged according to how he treated a homely woman in public.

My first realization of being homely was when a sister did not want me in the same picture with her. I was just a little girl, and it hurt. That was the beginning, and the end is not yet.

What I would like to know is why does a homely woman have to fight her way into the hearts of people? A pretty girl comes along, and without any questioning folks accept her and find her out afterward. Why not the same justice to the homely woman? Why must she prove her worth first before she is accepted?

I wonder what would happen to this old world of ours if the homely forces quit working, leaving just the pretty things for men to admire? MRS. E. T.

How a Successful Author Trained Herself to Write

One of the successful books this year is Marie Conway Oelmer's "Slippy McGee."

There are thousands of girls in the country, now working as stenographers and clerks, who have ambition to write. Mrs. Oelmer was once such a girl. We wrote to her and asked her experience—this is her answer.

And a mighty practical, helpful answer it is. THE EDITOR.

I HAD wanted to go to college—no girl more so. It would have meant the first step toward my chiefest ambition. But college was out of the question. I took stock of what I could and couldn't do, and decided that I'd make a good stenographer and typewriter. So I set about teaching myself.

I mentioned what I wanted to do to a man friend, and he procured for me a series of lessons—twenty in all, a lesson to a card. One was supposed to master, with these cards, shorthand in twenty weeks. I don't doubt that some people can do it. I wasn't one of them.

Presently I secured my first position. For the use of a good machine and because I wished practise in actual business correspondence, I went into a certain office, receiving what old novelists liked to call a "slender stipend" for my services. It wasn't a pleasant place; but I was getting practice, and I was being paid while I learned. One thing I set before myself, and I stuck to it: Accuracy first! Speed would come later.

Then I went to a railroad office. Railroad work is heavy, and it was brand new to me; many of the common railroad expressions were as Sanskrit. My work covered lost and estrayed freights, rates, paid claims, and the general correspondence of the head of the office. I was a scared girl at first, but I knew I just had to hold down that job. I had to increase my speed and efficiency.

I took the heaviest note-book home with me at night, and set to studying the letters I had taken during that day. Every man has his own style of dictation, and there are certain words and phrases he will use again and again. A little careful study will disclose the range of his vocabulary. I shortened to the last possible notch all such phrases as I found were likely to be recurrent, and made what is called a word-sign for words in commonest use. Also, I made out a list of addresses, and kept it handy, so that I didn't have to ask for a regular correspondent's initials and address but once.

When I had a few minutes to spare, I practised my words and phrases on the machine, as well as those silly test sentences which nevertheless bring in all the letters of the keyboard. At the end of three months in that office I had really learned shorthand and typewriting.

I had never intended shorthand and typewriting to be anything more than a means toward an end. I wanted to write something more readable than railroad letters. Now, one is born to write just as another is born to be hanged. You can't really teach yourself how to write, but you can teach yourself how not to write: which is perhaps the great secret of literature. You can sharpen your tools—*words*. I was too busy for a regular course of study, even if I'd had the necessary books and means—which I hadn't. If I studied, it had to be in between-whiles.

I thought it out, and presently hit upon the simplest of simple plans, which utilized my spare minutes and didn't take any time from my employers. I got a very good little desk dictionary, and when I was waiting for dictation I kept it propped open and studied it page by page. Sometimes I had time for only two or three words, sometimes a half-page. But I learned the words and synonyms, and, when I could, the derivatives. I don't know anything more fascinating than the study of English words; and it isn't as dry as it sounds, for they're alive when you get to know them.

I'd been what one might call weaned on the Bible. As a child in my grandmother's house I had to learn many of the psalms. I was nine when a copy of the "Tempest" fell into my hands, and I discovered Shakespeare. And now I had these exhaustless springs of living water to draw from. I needed them, for I have always been an omnivorous reader.

When I couldn't withstand the urge within any longer, I began to write stories. They were without form and void, of course. I'd like to say that I was one of those lucky authors whose earliest efforts were gobbled up by greedy and clamorous editors. But I'm one of those who can't get anything worth while without working hard for it. Since that time it is true that I have written stories that were a pleasure to me in the writing and that editors have been glad to get; but I have never written one I didn't have to work on, and I never expect to write one I shan't have to work on. Also, rejection-slips are not an unmixed evil: they burn out, like fly-blisters, any amateurish vainglory lurking in one's system.

Folks as busy as I have been all my life have to snatch at chances and learn to do things in between-whiles—as the heart sleeps between beats. I still wish I could have gone to college; but I have long since learned that being alive in times like ours is in itself the biggest of educations. MARIE CONWAY OELMER.

Darkness—the New Anesthetic

It sounds queer enough, but Dr. Bates has tried it in plenty of cases—and sometimes it works.

REMEMBER, in the old days when mother had a headache, how she used to go into her room and pull down all the shades? There was a scientific foundation for that action, according to Dr. William H. Bates of New York. Darkness, under certain conditions, may be a real anesthetic: a patient may, in other words, reduce the keenness of his pain by resolutely "thinking black."

Let one who would seek relief by this method first of all close his eyes and press his palms over them, so to exclude all light. Then let him concentrate his mind on the thought of darkness: he may before closing his eyes, if he cares to, gaze steadily at a black fountain pen or his black shoes—the thing is, to fix the thought of total blackness so firmly in the mind that it excludes all other thoughts.

Dr. Bates has applied this treatment in the relief of neuralgic pains: under the anesthesia induced by it, he has seen teeth extracted and minor surgical operations performed. He believes that a wounded soldier lying in No Man's Land could, by its use, shut out the horrors about him, and by concentrating on the thought of blackness obtain some nervous let-down and some relief from pain.

It costs nothing, and it's worth trying, anyway. With your next hard headache, or your fit of nervous tiredness, close your eyes, press your palms across them, and "remember black."

You Can't Keep a Good Idea Down

IF you feel that the world is always turning a cold shoulder on your big ideas, and that you are not "appreciated," read this letter which Robert R. Livingston, the great Chancellor of New York, wrote in 1811 to a man who had the idea that a little later was to make distance a thing to laugh at and Chicago and New York near neighbors.

It is worth while recalling that the Chancellor had just collaborated with Fulton in perfecting a system of steam navigation and was perhaps prejudiced. The giants of those days had to face the same difficulties that we know to-day.

Albany, March, 1811

Dear Sir: I did not till yesterday receive yours of the 25th of February; where it has loitered on the road, I am at a loss to say. I had before read of your very ingenious proposition as to the railway communications. I fear, however, on mature reflection, that they will be liable to serious objection, and ultimately more expensive than a canal. They must be double, so as to prevent the danger of two such heavy bodies meeting. The walls on which they are placed must be at least four feet below the surface and three feet above, and must be clamped with iron, and even then would hardly sustain so heavy a weight as you propose moving at the rate of four miles an hour on wheels. As to wood, it would not last a week. They must be covered with iron, and that, too, very thick and strong. The means of stopping these heavy carriages without a great shock, and of preventing them from running on each other—for there would be many running on the road at once—would be very difficult. In cases of incidental stops to take wood and water, etc., many accidents would happen. The carriage of condensing water would be very troublesome. Upon the whole, I fear the expense would be much greater than that of canals, without being so convenient. R. R. LIVINGSTON.

It was only a few years later that the legislature of New York granted the first charter to a railroad company.

Come on In—the Water's Fine!

IT'S all the photographer's fault. Ann Marie Porter, posing at the wheel of daddy's auto, ought to have been snapped in her annettekellermanns. She's only three, but she's very much in the swim; in fact, she's the undisputed water champion—age and weight considered—of Oakland, California. Breast stroke, side stroke, Australian crawl—she can do them all before she can spell them; and she dives from a height with all the abandon of a movie queen doing a rescue stunt. And yet, lots of people were drowned last summer because they had never learned to swim.

LEAVINGS

By NANCY GUNTER BOYKIN

Illustrations by John Newton Howitt

"AS soon as I saw Mr. Muggles," sighed Lisa ecstatically, "I knew he was different from other men."

"We struck him for a good thing," declared Clarissa—"a dinner at the Royal and a ride to the Farms! It's a pity he's so ugly."

"Ugly!" Lisa was horrified. "I wouldn't call him ugly. Sorter like a flamingo—a long nose and thin legs. But you get used to that. He's been so nice to us, he seemed real handsome to me."

"Some girl ought to nab him," commented Clarissa, absently smoothing down her eyebrows; "but I've always felt I was born for the movies."

"So've I," Carolissa agreed enthusiastically. "Think of getting in at forty per. It's no much better than old Swartz's cabaret—especially," she added sagely, "since we've lost that job."

Carolissa, known at Swartz's as the "beautiful Eyetalian pianist," had been Eliza Jane Perkins down in Wetumpka, Alabama—old Dan Perkins' "middlin' gal, the good-natured one who toted the baby." But Oscar Swartz, of the Elite Cafe, had advertised Clarissa as a "beautiful Italian," and when he found that Eliza Jane had a quick ear for music and a catchy way of rattling the keys, she was forthwith engaged as Clarissa's teammate—"Carolissa from Lombardy," although she was an ineradicably Saxon type, with quantities of pale gold hair and clear, passion-pure blue eyes.

"Swartz wasn't so worse," Lisa continued meditatively, "though I did get tired being just a back to the public, especially as my nose is my strong point."

She seized the hand-glass and examined the strong point lovingly.

"Let's see—we've been there six months. Funny he'd get fresh now."

"You don't know men," said Clarissa darkly. "Men're all fresh."

"That's why I like Mr. Muggles. We've known him a week and he hasn't insulted us yet. He's a perfect gentleman, Rissy."

Clarissa was trying to tame her rosy eyebrows by a skilful application of glue, as per "Miss Florence Fairchild's Beauty Hints," but she muttered, half inaudibly, "He's rolling in money, they say."

"Won't it be lovely," said Lisa, "when we get that forty dollars he's promised us in the movies? Let's get a place on Riverside—one of those Queen Anne apartments in pink and gold, like the parlor in the Royal Hotel. I'm tired living over a pet-animal store and dreaming the white mice are loose. Let's have pink boudoir lamps—and plenty of hot water. Oh, Rissy, won't it be grand?"

She was perched on the trunk, in petticoat and camisole, hastily reconstructing for her own use one of Clarissa's old evening dresses; for Clarissa, being senior member and star of the "Beautiful Italian Sisters," took most of the clothes that the partnership purchased.

But, although Lisa's fingers flew, the dress was forgotten, and Mrs. Bosey's room, with its hard-featured Victorian furniture and its frazzled rag rugs, had vanished from view. The eager blue eyes saw a spacious apartment, with tapestry and soft lights, and Carolissa, queen of the movies, carelessly throwing on a wrap of chiffon and fur as she leisurely awaited her limousine.

THE door-bell ringing sharply dispelled this lovely picture, and the shrill barking of Mrs. Bosey's Pomeranian proclaimed a caller. Clarissa whirled around from the mirror and caught Lisa's hands. Her pink chiffon dress billowed like a cloud about her, and her handsome dark face was set in determined lines.

"There he comes now! Kiddo, do me a favor? Stay at home, will you, just tonight? You know how I take with the men—not meaning to be conceited." She shot a quick glance at the mirror. "It's my winkly-twinkly eye and my syncopated walk. I think this old toad's stuck on me, but he can't say so with you along. You know how it is—things never speed up when you're with us, Lisa."

"Marry Mr. Muggles? Rissy, he's a thousand years old!"

"I don't care," cried Clarissa defiantly. "I'm not like you, Lisa; I can't be happy on nothing a week. Anyway, he's alive enough to totter to the altar on my arm."

The movies and the Sunday papers had prepared Lisa for this. The working-girl was always marrying the millionaire. In fact, a speaking conviction that she would meet a like fate had helped to draw Lisa from her country home; but she expected her millionaire to be young, with eyes like Francis Bushman's.

"Are you sure, Rissy, he's going to propose?" For, after a protracted diet of canned beans in her room, she wanted the dinner at the Royal and the ride to the Farms very badly. "You know you thought so when that Terry de Peyster said he had something confidential to tell you. And, after all, he just wanted you to know his mother had mumps."

"This is different, kiddo." Clarissa shrugged impatiently. "Trust your little Rissy to read the signs. And think what it means, Lisa! A house on the avenue, clothes from Delphine's, furs that won't come off in patches when the wind blows, silk stockings—everything a girl can want."

The Riverside apartment began to pale before a more splendid edifice. A palace on Fifth Avenue, a coterie of liveried servants, soft carpets, lace curtains, and Clarissa in velvet and real pearls. Just what was *her* part in this unsurpassed menage Carolissa did not stop to consider.

"Watch me cut the 'Kissing Kids' for trying to queer our act!" Clarissa rattled on. "I'll have my own car, my own yacht, my own cottage at Palm Beach. Be a good sport, Lisa. Stay at home."

"Oh, Rissy, I'm glad." Quite overcome by all this grandeur, Lisa caught the older girl and kissed her as impulsively as she could without disturbing Clarissa's perfect coiffure. "Maybe he's not so old, after all. Of course I'll stay, Clarissa."

Mrs. Bosey's ponderous thud along the stairs had given place to the light, peevish squeak of the oncoming Muggles. Clarissa pulled open the wardrobe door.

"He shan't sit a minute, kiddo, keeping you in that rabbit's nest."

Lisa jumped into the wardrobe, and the hats and coats fell on top of her, but did not prevent her hearing Clarissa's best society tones:

"Oh, do come in, Mr. Muggles. My, but you're looking well! No; the child was just heart-broken, but she's got a dear friend real sick, and she's gone to her. Lisa's a regular angel, you know."

After three flights up Mrs. Bosey's stairway, Mr. Muggles made for a chair, but Clarissa firmly forestalled him. "It don't seem hospitable not to ask you to sit, Mr. Muggles, but this room is just too hot for anything, and it's such grand weather for a ride."

True to her promise to Lisa, she trundled Mr. Muggles promptly downstairs, and the regular angel, in a half stifled condition, crawled out of the wardrobe.

IT was a sultry summer night, as Clarissa had said, and the small room sizzled with heat from the tin roof above. Carolissa turned off the anemic gas-jet, and sat by the window to meditate on Clarissa's sudden triumph. But even such rosy thoughts needed some one to share them. The bear had emptied the tenements across the court, and the blonde who was practising for grand opera and the lady in curl papers who always oiled her husband's hair after dinner, were absent from their respective windows.

Lisa began to wish she did have a dear friend who was very sick. Everybody had gone somewhere, and in New York everybody wants do to what everybody else is doing.

Slipping down to the street, she set out for Broadway, habit and inclination drawing her to a small shop where reposed in conspicuous glory an alluring white fox summer fur. For five nights now she had gone regularly to gloat upon it. It was the first thing she intended to buy when she got her forty dollars from the movies.

There it lay, its graceful lines draped over a plush stand; and there behind it, his long legs twined about a high stool, was the same young man she had seen every night, peering earnestly into the same heavy ledger, and whistling gaily:

> Ah, I have sighed to rest me
> Deep in the silent grave.

He was a homely young man, with jagged features under a thatch of upstanding red hair, but he was arrayed in harmonious lavender haberdashery and had a metropolitan manner of perfect assurance. Lisa had observed him scornfully the first night,—his eyes were not like Francis Bushman's,—and after that had given her entire attention to the fox.

Tonight, however, the young man glanced up, and, seeing Lisa with her nose pressed against the window, leaned far over his books and smiled at her.

Lisa stiffened, but it was too late.

In Wetumpka it is a social error not to smile back, and the beaming blue eyes had wrung from her an unintentional response.

"The nerve!" she cried indignantly, checking her greeting half way as she remembered that she was now a New Yorker. "I wonder if he thinks I came to see *him*. With that face!"

She turned and scurried up the Avenue without a second thought for the impertinent young man.

At Ninety-eighth Street she paused. There was a bench over at Riverside

"Clarissa's dressing-room was small, but it had a theatrical flavor of tinsel glamour and Bohemian intimacy."

"'Let's get out of this jam,' urged McGregor, 'and get where we can talk.' He didn't spend his hard earned dollars every Saturday for the pleasure of seeing Spectacular Steeplechase or Lively Luna."

which, being in the bright glare of an electric light, was more patronized by insects than lovers. The electric light would filter through the trees much as the moon did at home, and a breath of cool air would come up from the river. Lisa thought of the empty windows across the court at Mrs. Bosey's. Besides, Clarissa would be out late. Accepting Mr. Muggles and his millions would naturally take time.

She found the bench, and was vainly struggling to protect her ankles from mosquitoes with a very scant skirt, when a cheery voice accosted her:

"Excuse me, Miss, but is this your bench?"

It was he of the flaming hair and the lavender hosiery. He stood fanning himself with a straw hat and shedding the wide smile of one who is always sure of his welcome.

Carolissa glared. When she first came to New York, nine long, long months before, she had been thrilled beyond measure when strange men addressed her. She liked adventure, but she craved the kind that leads to solitaire diamonds and wedding rings; and as these chance acquaintances sooner or later—usually sooner—proved that they had no such intentions, she had sadly but wisely gone back to Mrs. Grundy.

"This is my bench," she told him icily, "and if you try to talk to me I'll call a cop."

Her visitor was evidently not so bold as he pretended; for at these steely words his metropolitan manner was considerably shaken, leaving the tasteful haberdashery and the homely features in cruel contrast.

"Why, I thought"—he hastened to explain—"you were the girl— I'm William Wallace McGregor, from Madame Aline's. Aren't you the girl—"

"Yes," snapped Carolissa; "I am the girl who's been looking in Madame Aline's every night for a week to see if that white fox is rabbit or goat. You didn't think I was looking at you!"

"Oh, no," he cried hastily. "Only, there wasn't anybody there but me." Then he brightened. "I've been looking at you, though. You're the kind of girl I like. You look like a human being instead of a frozen image. I've been watching you every evening, and to-night I thought—of course you didn't—but I certainly thought you smiled. That's why I sprinted up the Avenue after you." He pulled out a lavender-edged handkerchief and wiped his brow. "I might have known you didn't. I'm a hard one to fool about girls, and I thought you weren't that kind."

Robbed of some of his self-confidence, he was a rather embarrassed young man, and Carolissa realized that the metropolitan manner had been only recently assumed.

"People in New York don't speak," she told him, "without a proper introduction."

Billy McGregor glanced reluctantly at the partly vacant bench.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Miss; but, honest, it did seem like I knew you, seeing your face at the window so often—one familiar face in all that Broadway mob."

HE replaced the straw hat at a jaunty angle, hung his cane over his arm, and turned as if to go; but Lisa was fairly bursting to tell some one of Clarissa's golden triumph, and the near presence of a massive policeman gave her courage.

"We have met—in a way," she conceded, making room on the bench. "And we're both strangers in the city—that is, if you weren't born in New York?"

"Nobody is," declared Billy McGregor, determined that no one should have more claim to the metropolis than he. "But I know this little old burg like a book. I came from Connecticut. Eleven of us boys, and not a girl in the bunch. We got so plentiful at home we were sleeping three in a bed, and dad said he guessed some of us better get wild and drift away. I'm the wild one—but don't you'll be scared of me, little girl. I got a job keeping books at the Pinkerton Hardware Company, and now I'm assisting Madame Aline. It gives me something to do evenings."

"I'm from Wetumpka, Alabama," interrupted Lisa, anxious to get through with the preliminaries. "We had a lovely old home down there. If I were back home, I'd be entertaining in my own parlor to-night."

And, indeed, when compared to the congested masses of semi-washed humanity who filled Mrs. Bosey's lodging-house, the crumbling shack on the Tallapoosa did seem a "lovely home."

Billy McGregor drew his brows together disapprovingly.

"Shouldn't have left, sister. A girl that's got a good home—"

"I hated to come," said Carolissa, though this was not strictly true; "but New York has more—opportunities."

Opportunities seemed a polite euphemism for millionaires. The truth was, Willy Ben Whiteside at the Luxury Theater had told her she looked like Mary Pickford, and she had read too many dime novels from circulating libraries. This, combined with a parent whose vocation was chiefly professional pall-bearing, had influenced her coming far more than she knew.

However, a more important topic was now absorbing her thoughts.

"I wouldn't be here alone to-night, but my chum has gone out with Mr. Muggles. You know Mr. Reginald Muggles, the patent shower-bath man?"

Billy McGregor eyed her out of the corner of his canny New England eye.

His bookkeeping at Madame Aline's had taught him the value of clothes, and he was not deceived by the brave front put up by her inexpensive habiliments. It had never occurred to Carolissa that in her pursuit of the golden circle she was badly handicapped by her costume—a short plaid skirt, with a gay blue coat and high-heeled pumps, and atop it all one of those small round knobs popularly known as a "sheeny derby."

"So your chum's out with that old soak!" McGregor whistled disrespectfully.

"But maybe he's not so old," Lisa urged. "We think maybe it's intellect, not age. And she's going to have a limousine and a cottage at Palm Beach—have everything she wants. Isn't it grand?"

"Umph!" said Billy McGregor dubiously.

But Lisa refused to be discouraged.

"I knew it would happen to Rissy. She's beautiful. Every man that comes to see her goes wild. She'll have a yacht, maybe. He brought orchids to-night—pink for Rissy and white for me."

"For you!" Billy McGregor again eyed her curiously. "What's he giving you flowers for, sister?"

"What for? To wear to the Royal—a dinner bouquet. And Rissy'll have—"

"But you didn't go?"

"No; well—you see—" She stopped, for she could not bring herself to admit that Rissy would have to angle for Mr. Muggles' proposal. "I didn't care so much about going, because I didn't have a new dress. I wear Rissy's leavings, you know, and we've been out of work two weeks now. We did a cabaret turn, the 'Italian Sisters,' at Swartz's Elite. I was at the piano. They just saw my back, so if my hooks and eyes were on, nothing else mattered. But Rissy's different. They saw her all around. She had to have real clothes."

"I see," declared Billy, nodding wisely. "So, having all the clothes, this Rissy gets the orchids and the rides and the dinners? Where do you come in?"

"But we've got to be practical." Lisa insisted. "Besides, I'm to have a lovely position in the movies. Mr. Muggles has a friend who is a director."

BILLY McGREGOR sat in silence perforce while she poured out the story of the promised place in the moving-picture studios and expatiated on the glory of Clarissa's future.

When she stopped for breath, however, McGregor had his say:

"This Rissy is making a big fool of you, little girl. They can't put anything over on me, you know. Now, I've got a friend works on a rubberneck. He'll give you a real job."

"On a rubberneck!" Lisa giggled scornfully. "Oh, no, thanks! I'd rather work in the movies."

"Joe says an empty rubberneck just naturally scares people. So he hires a noisy-looking girl, one of these yearning-eyed dancers who can draw the traveling men, and he gets an old lady to chaperon her—Joe wants respectable family parties too, you know. His old lady—Joe swears she was sixty-one—eloped last week with the bus driver."

"Sixty-one!" Carolissa drew back indignantly. "Thank you; I may look sixty-one."

"I was thinking," said Billy McGregor, regarding his lavender socks with cheerful obtuseness, "you'd give the tone Joe wants. You've got a look—so young and unsuspecting—different, somehow, from most girls. I guess that's why I followed you—I like to see a girl with that fresh-from-the-farm kind of face. I'll fix it up with Joe. Why not be a widow? The black would help, you being so young. It's twelve a week—in case that forty from the movies can't be cashed."

He pulled out a card, wrote on it, and stuck it in her arm-hag.

Lisa jumped up and hitched her smart little coat into place. Twelve dollars a week was absolutely uninteresting when one was planning real lace curtains for a Riverside suite.

"I have the word of Mr. Reginald Muggles," she told him, trying not to be too haughty. "I fancy it's as good as his bond. I don't care to be a widow, thank you, and I certainly won't wear black!"

LISA had been at Mrs. Bosey's some hours before Clarissa came in, but she spent the time very comfortably planning what she would wear when she visited her friend at Palm Beach. She was hesitating between a Japanese garden costume and a sport suit when the squeaking stairs announced the coming of the bride-to-be. She sprang to the door.

"Oh, Rissy, you look lovely! Did you have a grand time?"

Clarissa dropped the wilted orchids on a chair, and recklessly flung her hat and cloak on top of them.

"My dress is ruined!" The pink cloud, indeed, was sadly crushed.

"But your hair looks lovely. It hasn't flopped a bit. And your nose doesn't shine, Rissy. What did he say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing worth listening to. Even when the band played:

> You're the only little girl
> In the whole wide world,

and I said I wondered what little girl it meant. Horrid old bald-headed thing!"

"He didn't propose? But I thought—there, don't cry, Rissy. We'll have fun anyway when he gets us that job in the movies."

"Job in the movies! Yes, he will not. He got drunk, and I slapped him."

"Got drunk? When he's out with a lady! The old scarecrow. I'm glad you slapped him."

"And there's only one dollar left. It's awful luck!" wailed Clarissa, beginning to feel sorry for herself. "Mrs. Bosey'll keep our trunks. How can you sit there with that hope-springs-eternal look, Lisa Perkins?"

It was a ghastly moment. To have the cottage at Palm Beach and the suite on Riverside snatched away in an instant was bad enough; but to lose the substantial if indegant shelter of Mrs. Bosey's tin roof was worse. Carolissa gazed desperately about the room. It had its disadvantages; but even the sickly gas-jet seemed to brighten now as it was about to take its flight.

Her eye fell on a card dropped carelessly on the floor:

MR. WILLIAM WALLACE MCGREGOR
Introducing Miss Carolissa Perkins

She seized upon it joyfully.

"Never mind, Rissy. We should worry. I know a job I can get. It pays enough to pacify Mrs. Bosey. A friend got it for me. It's lovely work, and sure pay."

"THIS way—this way," bloated Joe, the barker, through his megaphone. "All aboard for Coney Island! Lively Luna! Spectacular Steeplechase. All aboard for Coney Island!"

Snetson, who drove the "Tourist's Delight," had placed it to great advantage in the white glare of a picture palace. Broadway surged about it, a seething, sweltering, hurrying mob of pleasure-seekers. And, as they jostled past, Joe the barker's gimlet eye clamped upon the wavering ones, and his wheedling tones coaxed them forth:

"All aboard for Coney Island! Sure, kiddo, come join the merry-merry—What's that, madam? You're from Kewanee? Your first trip to New York? Sure, it's the only genteel way to see the island. We've had the very best people from Kewanee— Sure, Mister; that's your change— No, madam, I can't remember their names— No, sir, no reduction for six in a family— Watch your step there— All aboard!"

In the middle seat of the bus sat a little widow heavily swathed in black. The somber veil and draperies of crape, insisted on by Joe, cast a mournful respectability over Lisa and the self-made blonde at her side. But Carolissa's guileless countenance showed no traces of grief, and her ever-hopeful eye cheerfully scanned the tide of oncoming humanity. Presently she was rewarded; for through the press came Billy McGregor in a new checked suit, fanning himself with his hat and whistling jubilantly:

> Ah, I have sighed to rest me
> Deep in the silent grave.

"This way for Coney Island," bellowed Joe, winking at Lisa; for he knew as well as she did that Billy McGregor did not spend his hard earned dollars every Saturday night for the pleasure of seeing Spectacular Steeplechase or Lively Luna.

All through the sizzling New York July Billy had been Carolissa's constant companion.

Hitherto the young men who had been drawn to the little pianist had been promptly lassoed by Clarissa; and Lisa had not objected, considering it an inevitable tribute to Rissy's beauty. With Billy, however, it was different; for to Lisa he soon came to represent the sum of human wisdom.

Billy could get waited on when the soda fountain was crowded; Billy could jolly the Subway guard into letting them in when the doors were almost closed; Billy had even argued successfully with an angry policeman who arrested them for walking on the grass in the park.

So Lisa prudently gave Clarissa no chance at annexation. She kept Billy McGregor sitting on park benches, riding up and down Fifth Avenue in the bus, or eating ice-cream cones in the Bronx; and when he objected that there were mosquitoes in the open, she relentlessly told him Mrs. Bosey's room was "stuffy."

Later, when Rissy, after some weeks of moping idleness, departed with a wandering vaudeville troupe, Mrs. Bosey's room suddenly became habitable. And there, while Billy McGregor, who had won Mrs. Bosey's heart by praising the peevish Pomeranian, guarded the door from the landlady's visits, Lisa, mounted on a chair, cooked chocolate pudding or fudge jumbles over the gas-jet.

It was great fun for both of them. Billy grew careless in the matter of harmonious socks and ties, plainly indicating that his heart was no longer at large; and Lisa neglected the newspaper accounts of marriages among the Newport set for columns of bargains in household furniture.

"All aboard for Coney Island!" The statistical school-teachers, the hilarious traveling men, the bedfustered old ladies with guide-books, who make up such parties, had settled to their places, and the "Tourist's Delight" lumbered down Broadway.

"At your right, ladies and gentlemen, the famous Times Square Building—the only triangular square in the world."

This brought loud haw-haws from a gentleman from Montana, and Billy McGregor took occasion to whisper:

"Say, sister, you're a blooming beauty to-night. You should worry about wearing black."

Lisa blushed a gratified, embarrassed pink and hastily changed the subject.

"I have a new hat, Billy, cream chip with rosebuds. Of course I can't wear it now; but it was so pretty I just bought it anyway."

The chrome-colored blonde who had been engrossed in a young traveling man now inclined an eager ear in their direction, and Billy and Lisa lapsed into silence—a delightful silence to Lisa, however, for she was busy as a beaver building a home.

IT was a modest structure, a snug little flat up in Harlem, with curly maple in the bedroom and a three-piece plush set in the parlor. She had seen such a set at Blumfield's—a big stuffed chair that Billy could stretch out in, a sofa for her to decorate with hand-sewn pillows, a small rocker with a sewing basket to match. The real lace curtains of the Riverside apartment had given place to ten-cent lawn, and the furniture was not guaranteed mahogany, but Lisa was perfectly satisfied with it.

"At your left, ladies and gentlemen, the Bowery, famous for its sights and sounds—and smells."

This was meant to be funny, and Lisa usually felt that a noisy appreciation of Joe's wit made her position more secure. But to-night she forgot to laugh. Instead, she sat in a state of blissful expectancy; for a wide experience with enamoured Wetumpka lads led her to believe that Billy McGregor, the great and wise, was about to propose.

Under cover of Joe's airy badinage, he edged closer, and, with a watchful eye on the blonde, whispered confidentially:

"Yesterday, Lisa—up there at Bosey's with your sleeves back and that little apron, it seemed like a real home, didn't it?"

"It was fun," admitted Lisa.

"Honest, I lay awake hours last night, Lisa, thinking about you. There's nothing I don't know about girls, and I certainly can pick a winner when I see one. On the first I get a promotion—"

"All out for the Island," Joe's megaphone crashed through this interesting tête-à-tête. "No, mister, your ticket down don't entitle you to all the shows—No, madam, I can't keep your little boy—No, mister, we are not responsible for children and overcoats left in the bus—All out, there! all out!"

Lisa and McGregor scrambled out with the others, and were swept along by a laughing, jostling, shouting rabble of humanity. The sidewalks were lined with painted booths where gayly clad hawkers jested and shouted. Above them swings and wheels and aerial railroads squeaked and rattled through brilliant orbits, and over all blazed the red and blue and yellow lights of Coney Island. The very density of this mob of close-packed humanity created a spirit of unity. Lisa clung happily to Billy's arm, and the little flat in Harlem seemed very real and near.

"Let's get out of this jam," urged McGregor, "and get where we can talk."

He led the way into one of the small theaters along the pleasance. It was fiery hot inside, and an aggressive smell of garlic suggested that the patrons were none too choice; but Lisa was grateful for the darkness.

"Lisa," Billy whispered, when they had fumbled their way into two seats at the rear, "I've been thinking what a swell time I've had this month since I've been running with you, sister—"

But the fateful words were again cut short; for, with a blare of would-be Egyptian trumpets, the curtain rose on "Etolia, the snake-dancer from the Nile."

ETOLIA'S scanty costume was covered with rather tarnished sequins, and the stuffed snake flung over one shoulder was very dead indeed; but nothing could dim the brightness of the dancer's black eyes or silence the appeal of her small painted mouth. It was Clarissa!

Rissy got up lazily from a tiger rug, stretched herself, and began to dance, with little training but some natural grace. Seeing Lisa in the audience, she winked a greeting, then turned her attention to Billy McGregor.

It was the first time that a good-looking vampire had ever used her wiles on Billy McGregor; but to Clarissa all was grist that came to the mill, and a live man, however untried, was better practice than a dead snake. So she flashed her smile at him, and turned and twisted and tired herself up in the snake, all the time watching Billy from under her heavy lids.

All that Clarissa knew of Egypt had been learned from cigarette advertisements; but she did her best to look like Cleopatra. A small negro boy at her side waved an incense jar, and the fumes, mingling with the garlic and frankfurters in the audience, made an atmosphere not conducive to clear thinking. Three Egyptian mummies, seated cross-legged on the floor, beat out a low, monotonous measure.

Billy McGregor leaned forward in his chair, his eyes bulging. Lisa, waiting in the darkness at his side, felt his slow, unconscious withdrawal.

AFTER the act Clarissa sent for them to come behind the scenes. In a panic of womanly intuition, Lisa urged that they go straight home; but Billy would not hear of it. They found Clarissa seated on the table, smoking a cigarette, a scarlet negligée slipping off her plump shoulders. The dressing-room was small, but it had a theatrical flavor of tinsel glamour and Bohemian intimacy; and Clarissa, although she needed the softening footlights to mellow her painted cheeks, was to Billy and Lisa a creature of transcendent beauty.

Billy climbed on the trunk, and, hitching back his trousers to show his lavender socks, began a light rattle of banter with Clarissa, who blew rings of smoke in his face the while. Lisa, since she could not hang from the gas-jet, must needs sit on the only unoccupied piece of furniture the room afforded—a chair; and in this prosaic location was hopelessly at a disadvantage. She tried frantically to keep in the conversation; but it was, literally and figuratively, over her head, and pres-

Continued on page 23

"Vaguely uneasy, she hurried into the living-room."

THE MELTING POT

In Which the New Books and Magazines are Boiled Down to Give You Fifteen Minutes of Health, Efficiency, Travel, Biography, and Adventure

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

IVAN KOROVIN, *the big, bearded Siberian soldier in this picture, was wounded during one of the battles on the southwestern front. Feodor Kulich, a twelve-year-old Russian Boy Scout, found him lying helpless in a shell-hole. Under heavy fire the boy made three trips to bring him food and water, and finally led up a stretcher party. He was wounded in the shoulder while doing so; but, if Russian boys are anything like American boys, this only made the adventure a little more exciting.*

BE CAREFUL WHOM YOU FIRE

WHY is it that, with better raw materials, better transportation, and equally effective salesmanship, Americans find it difficult to compete in efficiency of production with Europeans?

One part of the answer, says Arthur Williams, one of our great industrial engineers, in the New York *World*, is found in our neglect of the "human side of the labor problem":

Henry Ford found that he was hiring 50,000 men in 1914, while only employing 13,000 or 14,000 at any one time. He figured the cost of breaking in a new man averaged $70. By tackling the human problem in the various ways he did, especially by instituting profit-sharing so that each employee had an employer's interest in the company, this labor turnover was almost completely eliminated.

In many industries the labor turnover averages 300 or 400 per cent. In some of the chemical industries it exceeds 700 or 800 per cent, which means that the average employee holds his job only three or four weeks.

This is frightful waste. It means more than the cost of breaking in new men, for no man can beat his best where his job is so uncertain. He may go through the mechanical motions required, but he can have no interest in the result. And even in the roughest of labor, in shoveling dirt or carrying bricks, this element of personal interest in the outcome is sure to tell. From the moment a man is hired in any capacity some sort of tenureship should be considered established, with some sort of protection against the whims of his immediate superior. The right to discharge should be taken away from foremen and immediate supervisors. Their authority should be limited to suspension and their verdicts should be reviewed by some unprejudiced superior.

Many a competent man is discharged through anger or irritation on the part of his immediate boss. If the employer realized that it would cost him $70 to hire another he would think twice before permitting the change.

WINNING THE WAR WITH YOUR FURNACE

THE home garden and Mr. Hoover seem to have old General Starvation on the run. Now comes the question of coal; and most people do not need to be told that it is serious. Few Americans have as much coal in their cellars as they usually do at this time of year; thousands of families are living from hand to mouth. Thousands of manufacturers do not know whether they can run through the winter or will have to close down. The exact situation, according to J. Wainwright Evans in *The Nation's Business*, is this:

We could use this year, if we had it, 750,000,000 tons of coal, hard and soft. The best that we can get, assuming that the mines work all the time and that the railroads have no tie-ups, and that everything else works out right, is 660,000,000 tons. This 660,000,000 tons is an outside estimate. While many of the factories are running twenty-four hours a day, jammed with war orders, the mines run only right—and that for only 235 days of the year.

So the coal score is not exaggerated: it is really serious. What can the average family do to meet it?

It can save, on the average, a ton of coal, answers Mr. Evans. The American householder wastes from one to two tons every winter. He insists on heating every corner of his house all day long, regardless of the fact that some rooms are used only at certain hours and some not at all. He keeps the temperature five degrees higher, on the average, than it needs to be. Professor E. H. Lockwood of Yale University made an experiment in coal-saving in his own home last winter. The winters are trying in New England, and temperatures low; but Professor Lockwood was able to heat his house of ten rooms with a hot-water furnace on 9.4 tons of coal at a cost of $40 for coal plus $8 for wood for his fire-place, a total of $48. At that cost he maintained all winter—in all but two rooms, which were hard to heat properly—a temperature of seventy degrees. The cost was from $50 to $100 less than that of an average family in like circumstances.

Those who are interested in the whole story—and in helping to win the war by carefully watching their furnaces—will do well to send for Professor Lockwood's pamphlet, published by the Bureau of Mines in Washington. It is entitled *Saving Fuel in Heating a House*.

THE WISDOM OF THE CHINESE

A GRAVE and majestic outside is, as it were, the palace of the soul.
You may draw a tiger's skin, not his bones; you may know a man's face, but not his mind.
It is not as safe opening the mouth as keeping it shut.
A hut *al* reeds with mirth therein is better than a palace with grief.
The stag and the tiger do not stroll together.
We do not cook rice by babbling.
A man's conversation is the mirror of his heart.
There are two good men: one dead, the other unborn. *From Ana.*

HARD ON THE DOCTORS

PROBABLY war works no greater hardship on the members of any profession than on the doctors. Thousands of them are called away from their practice to work under terrific strain at the front. And meanwhile the home population, under the restrictions of diet imposed by war, grows healthier and healthier. The National Emergency Food Commission publishes a letter received from a doctor during the gardening days of last summer:

"DEAR SIR: In behalf of the medical fraternity, I wish to enter my gentle protest against your work. You may not realize it, but your garden-planning campaign is actually driving some doctors into other fields. They say that with so many folks working in the open air, spading, hoeing, and cultivating their new gardens, their communities have become too healthy to be profitable to the profession, to say nothing of the gloomy outlook ahead for midsummer, when people will be eating their own garden-truck. An abundance of fresh vegetables will do as much to hurt our practice as exercise. Do you think this is fair to a hard-working and useful profession?"

WHERE GIRLS AND SPIDERS MEET

"IN the English surveying instrument factories spiders probably are the most indispensable workmen," says *Commerce and Finance*. "The cross hairs that mark the exact center of the object lenses of the surveyor's telescopes are made from spider web. Under the magnification of the powerful lenses the almost invisible threads woven by the spider are brought up on a uniform cylinder the thickness of a man's thumb. It is the only substance suitable for the purpose. Human hair has been tried, but when magnified it is irregular and appears like a rough hewn lamp-post. Human hair is transparent too, and the cross hairs of the telescope must be opaque.

"In the two months of the spinning season spiders produce thousands of yards of the delicate fiber, which is wound on metal frames and stored away until needed. The spider at work dangles on the invisible thread, one end of which is attached to the metal frame which is dexterously twirled by a young lady. The spider is allowed to rest on the frame in the girls' hands until the thread has been fastened, then as he springs supposedly to the floor the winding process begins. Several hundred feet of the thread is removed from a spider at one time.

"Any sort of spider will not do for this work. He must be kept fat and contented. Flies are fed to them. The girls who work with them come to have an affection for the insects and call them by nicknames."

DON'T LET YOUR CHILD WORRY ABOUT EXAMINATIONS

Photograph by Alice Boughton.

If your little girl wakes up at night crying because she can't multiply decimals by a personal pronoun, it means that she is overstraining herself at school. Find out what is the trouble; perhaps she hasn't altogether got over that last attack of measles.

HEALTHY children like to learn things, given the right conditions. If your boy stands low in his studies, is restless or stupid, it usually means that he is overstrained or undernourished, or that he has adenoids or a spinal curvature, or that the ventilation is bad—any one of the twenty causes for which he is not responsible.

The first thing a mother must realize with regard to the children at school is the danger of overstrain [writes Elizabeth Sloan Chesser in *Perfect Health for Women and Children* (McBride, Nast & Co.)]. All children are not naturally bright. Also, many children become mentally and physically overstrained after an illness. The old idea that a child was bound to take the infectious diseases of childhood, and the sooner he got them over the better, was a terrible mistake.

After any infectious illness the child's physique is enfeebled, his store of energy more or less exhausted, his vitality impaired. He finds the lessons difficult and fatiguing; and, unless he has a restful convalescence and a prolonged holiday, his health may be permanently damaged.

The school child needs a liberal allowance of food, with plenty of fat and sugar to supply energy for work. Even at the risk of his being late, don't let him hurry through his meals, bolt and swallow the food at express speed, and thus lay the seeds of school dyspepsia. A star on the blackboard isn't worth it.

The child who is being overstrained intellectually almost invariably develops headaches and is listless and uninterested in his work. Round shoulders and spinal curvature are signs of physical overstrain and should never be neglected. The mere fact of allowing a child to carry his heavy school-bag habitually over one shoulder may induce lateral curvature. The boy or girl who sits at a badly constructed desk or reads in a poor light, so that the body is habitually twisted into abnormal positions, contracts curvature of the spine.

The child who complains of headache, who holds his book at an unusual distance or at a peculiar angle, or who shows any other sign of eyestrain, should have his eyes examined by an oculist.

From Keystone Photographs from Paul Thompson

There is something extremely attractive about this sturdy young Scotsman with his live, intelligent face. He makes one feel that artificial legs aren't so bad, after all.

A CHANCE FOR THE WAR CRIPPLE

ONE of the most gloomy and terrible things about war in the past was the plight in which it left crippled soldiers. Whether the world has grown better or not, nations have waked up to the fact that they owe something more than a pension to their war cripples. In the first months of the war, Germany, France, England, Italy, and Russia all began independently to start training schools for these men. One reason for this was that already, in industry, it had been found that it paid to re-educate workmen crippled by industrial accidents. A man without a hand, without one or both legs, even a blind man, could be made into a skilled workman, if the state was willing to take the trouble to train him carefully. After the war began calling out all the able-bodied men, these skilled crippled workmen were greatly in demand.

In *The War Cripple* (published by Columbia University) D. C. McMurtrie tells how the cripples of the Great War must be encouraged and educated to face life anew.

In the first place, he says, one must remember that the crippled soldier has been a long time away from home influence and environment; that he has been living in the open, free from the routine duties of the civilian, provided automatically with every necessity of life. It takes a great effort of readjustment, even in a sound man, to get back from this sort of thing to every-day life and an every-day job—to the feeling of social responsibility.

With returning health, initiative must be reawakened, responsibilities quickened, a heartened ambition must replace discouragement. We can go to him and truthfully say: "If you will yourself help to the best of your ability, we will so train you that your handicap will not prove a serious disadvantage; we will prepare you for a job at which you can earn as much as in your previous position. Meantime your family will be supported and maintained. You will be provided with a modern artificial limb so that a stranger would not know you are crippled. Finally, we will place you in a desirable job."

It is absolutely essential that the training should be thorough.

One of the most notable features of the work in France is the length of some courses in which the war cripples are trained. To even comparatively simple subjects instruction periods of twelve and eighteen months are allotted. This permits the men to obtain not only a theoretic education, but a fair degree of practical experience as well—an experience which is of especial necessity in restoring to the soldiers a confidence in their own competency.

THEY SAVED SOMETHING OUT OF $3 A YEAR

DURING Brussiloff's drive through Galicia, a thousand Jews, in a state of abject poverty—ragged, filthy, starved, and utterly bewildered—were torn at a moment's notice from their homes in the Galician plains and set down in the heart of the primeval forests of Siberia not far from the Arctic Circle—vaguely charged by the Russian government with espionage and revolutionary activities. They were diseased, incredibly ignorant, and weak with hunger, writes Fortier Jones in the *Century Magazine*. They existed aimlessly in the forest; but, curious to say, they were not hopeless. The Russian government allowed them something like three dollars a year to house, clothe, and feed themselves. *Out of this all of them saved something each month* against the day when they would be allowed to live in the world again. To do this they lived twenty in a small cabin, and subsisted entirely on fish and wild fowl.

This strange community—including as it did thieves, rascals, and cutthroats—was governed, and well governed, by a weak, undersized invalid.

"It was the clearest sort of case of fearlessness, unselfishness, and a wonderful personality pitted single-handed against brutal, criminal cowardice, with the odds...saw him he was founding a public school."

© Keystone & Underwood

It was from desolate log villages like this, on the edge of the Arctic ice, that ragged, deliriously joyful cohorts of Siberian exiles came flooding back into Russia when the Revolution broke. In two weeks a hundred thousand of them poured out of the frozen wilderness.

TWO GERMAN GEMS

IF the Germans had only kept still we might have doubted the truth of what their enemies said about them. But it's their own letters and newspaper editorials that have had more influence in forming American public opinion than any other written words.

Here is a letter from the cultured Professor Lasson, quoted in a book of German gems entitled *Out of Their Own Mouths* (D. Appleton & Company):

"For months I have not written to a single foreigner; a foreigner is an enemy until he is proved to be a friend. It is impossible to remain neutral toward Germany and the German people. Either one looks upon Germany as the most perfect political creation known to history, or else one believes it should be destroyed, wiped out. No one but a German understands Germany. We are morally and intellectually superior to other nations; we are without equals. The same is true of our organization and our institutions.

"William II has always protected peace, justice, and honor, although his power would have enabled him to crush all opposition. The greater his successes, the more modest he becomes. His Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, knows no higher cares than those of truth, loyalty, and right. Our army is, so to speak, a smaller model of the intelligence and morality of the German people. We are forced to sacrifice our best and our noblest in a war against Russian brutes, English hirelings, and Belgian fanatics. We shall have no peace until these three European mischief-makers are crushed."

Add to this the following gem from the ten commandments issued by General von der Goltz to his soldiers:

"War is not a work of charity, and in the soldier's heart there is no compassion.

"The soldier must be hard. Grow hard, warriors.

"It is better to let a hundred women and children belonging to the enemy die of hunger than to let a single German soldier suffer."

SPANISH JOHNNY—*By* Willa Sibert Cather

THE old West, the old time,
The old wind singing through
The red, red grass a thousand miles,
And, Spanish Johnny, you!
He'd sit beside the water-ditch
When all his herd was in,
And never mind a child, but sing
To his mandolin.

The big stars, the blue night,
The moon-enchanted plain;
The olive man who never spoke,
But sang the songs of Spain.
His speech with men was wicked talk—
To hear it was a sin
But those were golden things he said
To his mandolin.

The gold songs, the gold stars,
The world so golden then;
And the hand so tender to a child
Had killed so many men.
He died a hard death long ago
Before the Road came in;
The night before he swung, he sang
To his mandolin.

From the "New Anthology," edited by Munroe Henderson (Macmillan Company).

IF ALL THE BIRDS DIED

"WERE all the birds to perish, men would speedily follow them. At the end of ten years the insects unchecked would have eaten every green thing." So writes Neltje Blanchan in *Birds Worth Knowing* (Doubleday, Page & Company). Even in winter, there are some birds that "carry on," hunting out and destroying the eggs that are to hatch next summer's horde of insect pests, where they are hidden beneath the bark of trees. In this winter warfare the woodpecker does valiant service:

Inspecting each crevice where moth or beetle might lay her eggs, he works his way around a tree from top to bottom, now stopping to listen for the stirring of a borer under the smooth, innocent-looking bark, now tapping at a suspicious point and quickly drilling a hole where there is a prospect of heading off his victim. Using his bill as a chisel and mallet and his long tongue as a barbed spear to draw the grub from its nethermost hiding-place, he lets nothing escape him. Boring beetles, tree-boring caterpillars, timber ants, and other insects which are inaccessible to other birds, must yield their reluctant bodies to that merciless barbed tongue.

The cheerful chickadee is also an ally not to be despised, since "in a single day he will sometimes eat more than four hundred eggs of the apple plant-louse, while throughout the winter one will destroy an immense number of the eggs of the canker-worm."

NEGROES MAKE GOOD SOLDIERS

THE American Indian can not be made into a good modern soldier. He is too unadaptable. Above all, he will not fight under discipline. Francis Parkman, who wrote more interestingly than any one else on American Indians, tells how, even among the fierce and terrible Iroquois, the chief never had any real authority, but only what he could exert by force of personality.

The Negro, on the other hand, makes a good soldier.

Negro soldiers have distinguished themselves on several occasions (says a writer in the *Journal of Heredity*), and those that secure places in the ranks nearly always prove satisfactory. There were 178,975 Negroes in the Civil War on both sides, and, although they were not extensively in action, they performed very creditably. Their famous rescue of the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill is one example of their gallant bravery.

Photograph from "The Crisis"

This man holds the highest rank of any negro officer. He is Colonel Charles B. Young of the Tenth Cavalry, one of the only three negro officers ever graduated from West Point.

Youth Challenges

By

CLARENCE B. KELLAND

Illustration by Lucius W. Hitchcock

"'I—know—you,' said the man between teeth set to hold back his groans. 'And I know you,' said his wife. 'I know you! What do you want here?'"

(Continued)

RUTH had continued to live in the apartment. It had not been her intention to do so. From the moment of reading Bonbright's succinct note she was determined to go back to the little cottage and to her mother. But she put it off for a day, then for another day; and the days grew into weeks and months. "To-morrow I'll move," she told herself each night; but next day she was no nearer to uprooting herself than she had been the day before.

Dulac's presence at her mother's was not the real reason that impelled Ruth to continue in the home Bonbright had made for her. It was something less tangible. She found the thought of leaving that spot unendurable; but she did not, dared not, seek in her heart for what made it unendurable.

For a week she scarcely ventured outside the door; then the loneliness, the lack of occupation, drove her out. She must be busy; for when she sat idly in a room her thoughts became torture. There were many sides to her affliction. First in her mind she placed the failure of her great project. She had wrecked her life for it without accomplishment. Second in the rank of her griefs stood the fact that she had been on the point of giving herself to Dulac. She would have gone with him, disregarding convention, breaking her vows of marriage. For that she despised herself—despised herself the more because she knew now that she did not love Dulac, that she had never loved him.

She accused herself bitterly for mistaking glamour for love. She knew now that Dulac had called from her nothing deeper than a foolish, girlish fascination. His personality, his work, his enthusiasm, had enmeshed her, had blinded her. Of this she was certain.

Third in the order of her griefs was the consciousness that she had caused Bonbright grief. She dealt ungently with herself because of it; for Bonbright had not deserved it at her hands. She could appreciate how good he had been to her, how solicitous, how patient, how tender. She remembered small thoughtfulnesses which had been a part of his daily conduct to her.

If Hilda Lightner, who came often and stayed long, had asked her if she missed Bonbright or were lonely without him, she would have denied it hotly. But Hilda did not ask. Ruth did not ask that question of herself. She knew she was lonely, miserable, and she thought she knew why—but Bonbright's absence had nothing to do with it.

"I can't stand this," Ruth said one evening. "I can't bear to stay here alone in these rooms. If there were work enough to keep me busy—but there's nothing."

"If you'd only go to the places I ask you to," said Hilda.

"No. I'm going to work. I'm going to find a place and work."

"But—" Hilda wondered what Bonbright would think.

"I know what you were going to say. *He* wouldn't want me to. Maybe he wouldn't—but if he *knew* he'd let me do it. I tell you, I've got to, Hilda."

"You've got to decide for yourself," Hilda admitted.

So Ruth became a job-hunter; and, because intelligent stenographers are by no means as plentiful as daisies in a July field, she was not long in finding employment. From that day life was easier. She found her wages ample to support herself and pay the rent of the apartment. Ample in that they sufficed. There was no surplus. So she folded and put away the weekly checks she received from Bonbright. She did not send them back to him, because, to her mind, that would have been a weekly slap in his face. But she would not cash them. There was a difference to her; probably there was a real difference.

Of Sundays Ruth often went driving with Hilda. Hilda noticed how closely her companion watched the sidewalks, how she scrutinized the passing crowds. It was as if she were looking for somebody. While daylight lasted, Hilda saw that Ruth sat by her windows, looking down at the street. Once Hilda ventured dangerously.

"Why do you always sit there watching folks go by?" she asked.

Ruth turned, looking at her strangely.

"I—why, I don't know," she said.

ONCE Ruth asked for news of Bonbright. After that Hilda brought her news voluntarily. Not too frequently, but often enough, according to her notion. Between-times she gave Ruth plenty of time to wonder what was happening to her husband. Ruth knew that Hilda saw him often. She wondered if they talked about her, and what they said; but she never asked, nor did Hilda refer to such conversations. Indeed, they were few and sparing, for Bonbright could not be made to talk about his wife—even to her. But she gave Bonbright news of Ruth, just as she gave Ruth news of Bonbright.

Sometimes Hilda purposely tormented Ruth.

"Bonbright looks mighty thin," she said. "I think he's working too hard. If he keeps it up he'll make himself sick."

"Oh!" said Ruth—nothing more; but for the rest of that Sunday she was quiet—very quiet.

Once Hilda found her friend in a passion of tears; and when she sought the reason, she learned that Ruth had met Dulac on the street face to face, and that he had spoken to her. He had told Ruth that he was staying in the city because of her; that he would not go without her. He had been careless of listening ears, not concealing his emotions.

"Well, he didn't hurt you, did he?"

"No," said Ruth.

"Then what are you making all the fuss about? He can't carry you off."

"*He* might have seen us together," said Ruth. "And—and it made me—remember—that terrible afternoon."

"What if Bonbright did see you together? Don't you suppose Bonbright thinks you are seeing him? Of course he does. What else would he think? Naturally, he supposes you are going to have your divorce when the year is up, and marry Mr. Dulac."

Hilda was merciless.

"Does he think that? Are you sure?"

Hilda shrugged her shoulders.

"He mustn't think it," Ruth said affrightedly. "Why, he—if he thought that—"

"If he thought—what?"

Ruth bit her lips and turned away.

"Nothing," she said. Then: "Can't you let him know? Not tell him, you know, but—sort of let him understand."

"If I see a good chance," Hilda said, but in her mind was the resolution that she would never see the chance.

"Does he—seem cheerful?" Ruth asked. "It's been quite a long time now—months. He—he must have gotten over—caring for me now. Do you think so?" Her voice was anxious, pleading.

Hilda could not hold out against that appeal. "No, silly, he hasn't. He isn't that sort. It's too bad."

"I—I wish he knew—about Mr. Dulac. He wouldn't think so—hard of me, maybe, if he knew I didn't—never did love Mr. Dulac."

"The only thing that would make any difference to him would be to know that you loved *him*," said Hilda.

Ruth had no answer, but she was saying to herself, with a sort of secret surprise: "If I loved him—if I loved him."

Presently she spoke aloud:

"You won't be angry with me, Hilda—you won't misunderstand; but—but won't you please—go away? Please. I—I don't want to see anybody. I want to be alone."

"Well, of all things!" said Hilda. But she was not offended. Her resemblance to her father was very faint indeed at that moment. She looked more like her mother, softer, more motherly. She put on her hat and went away quietly.

"Poor Bonbright!" she was thinking. Then: "It's come to her. She's got a hint of it. It will come now with a rush."

Ruth sat in her chair without moving.

"If I loved him," she said aloud, and then repeated it—"loved him."

She was questioning herself now, asking herself the meaning of things, of why she had been lonely, of why she had sat in her window peering down into the street—and she found the answer.

Did she love Bonbright? At last she dared to put the question squarely. Her answer came quickly.

"Oh, I do—I do!" she cried aloud. "I love him!" A surge of happiness welled up from her heart at the words. "I love him," she repeated, to hear the sound of them again.

The happiness was of short life. "I love him—but it's too late. It's always too late!" she sobbed. "I've lost him. He's gone."

THE girl who could give herself to a man she did not love for the cause was not weak; she did not lack resolution, nor did she lack the sublimity of soul which is the heritage of women. She had lost her happiness; she had wrecked her life; and until this moment there seemed no possibility of recovering anything from the wreckage. But she loved. There was a foundation to build from.

"If he loves me still—" she thought; and there hope was born.

"If I go to him—if I tell him—everything!" she asked herself, and in asking made her resolution. She would venture; she would dare, for her happiness and for his. She would go and she would say: "Bonbright, I love you. I have never loved anybody but you. You must believe me." He would believe her. That she knew. There was no reason why he should not believe her. There was nothing for her to gain now by another lie. "I'll make him believe," she said, and smiled and cried and smiled again. "Hilda will tell me where he lives, and I'll go to him—now."

At that instant Hilda was coming back to her, and Hilda looked grave, troubled. She walked slowly up the stairs and tapped on the door.

"Ruth," she called, "it's Hilda. May I

Ruth ran to the door and threw it open. "Come in. Come in." Her voice was a sung. "Oh, Hilda!"

"...ooey," said Hilda, holding her at arm's length, "his father is dead. They found him dead just after noon.

"Oh!" said Ruth. It was an instant be-

m—I love Bonbright," Ruth a blank, dead voice. "I was going I was going to tell him. And he would have believed. But now—he wouldn't believe. He would think I came—because his father was dead, because he—he was what I thought he was when I married him. Don't you see? He'd think I was coming to him for the same reason. He'd think I was willing to give myself to him—for that."

Hilda took the slight form in her arms and rocked her to and fro while she

she said sorrowfully, "you ...ob ... or something. We But there has been no ..."

...Ie ... Now the thing had come—and it ... little difference, for Bonbright had laid out his life along lines of his own. His father would be carried to the grave, ...ppear from the scene—that ... the meeting. ... it, for she met him with ... If she felt grief, she hid it well. One was calm, her eyes were not red with w was her face drawn with woe. the wonderment of his father's death meant as little son. It seemed so.

There had been no affectionate passage between Bonbright and his mother. She had not unbent to him. He had hardly expected her to, though he had been prepared to respond.

Now he was in his room, with time to

"Mr. Richmond wishes to speak with you on the 'phone, Mr Bonbright," the man said. Bonbright walked to the instrument. Richmond had been hu

I have just had th news. I am shocked. It is a terrible thing.

"Yes," said Bonbright.

"I will come up at once—if you see me. The death of a man like father entails certain consequences which can not be considered too soon. May I

at the library. Rid hand with the appropriate bearing on such an occasion. His handshake was a perfect thing, studied, rehearsed, just as all his life was studied and rehearsed. He had in stock a manner and a handshake and a demeanor that could be instantly taken off the shelf and used for any situation that might arise. Richmond was a ready man, an able man. On the whole, he was a good man, as men go, but cut-and-dried.

"Your father was a notable man," he declared. 'He will be missed."

Bonbright bowed.

"There will be a great deal for you to look after," said the lawyer, "so I will be brief. The mass of detail can wait—until after—er—until you have more leisu

think, Mr Richmond, it is my mother you wish to see, not myself. I thought you would understand my position. I am surprised that you do not, since you have been so close to my father. My father and I did not agree on matters that both of us considered vital. There were differences which could not be bridged. So I am here merely as his son, not as his successor in any way."

don't understand."

My father," said Bonbright, with a trace of impatience, "disowned me and —disinherited I believe is the word disinherited me."

"Oh, no. No—indeed, no. You are laboring under a misapprehension. You are mistaken. I am gla our mind on that point. Nothing to know. I will admit that your father went no farther. Perhaps it was his intention to do as you say; but he put it off. He seemed to have a prejudice against making a will. As a matter of fact, he died intestate."

HERE was something to think of. Here was a fresh uprooting of his life, another making over. Here was a new and astounding set of circumstances to which he must adapt himself. Bonbright experienced no leap of exultation. The news left him cold. Queerly, his thought in that moment was of Ruth and her great plan.

"If she had waited—" he thought.

No, he was glad she had not waited. He did not want her that way. It was not

session. He could ha thing—he wanted now but that.

"I am glad to be able to give you such news," said Mr. Richmond.

Richmond looked at the young man obliquely. He had heard that Bonbright was queer. This rumor seemed not without foundation. Richmond could not comprehend how a young man could think of anything else when he had just learned that he was several times a million-

Sit down," said Bonbright. "This, of course, makes a difference."

Richmond seated himself, and drew documents from his green bag. For half an hour he discussed the legal aspects of the situation, and explained to Bonbright what steps must be taken at once.

"I think that is all that will be necessary to-d

ye? ... well, then. Will you see us at The—t funeral will be on Saturday. On Monday I shall be back in the office again.

"I hope you will call upon me for any assistance or advice you find necessary. Or for any service of whatsoever nature. Good afternoon. Will you convey my sympathy to Mrs. Foote?"

THE rest of that day, and of the days that followed it, Bonbright was trying to find the answer to the question: What does this mean to me? and its companion question: What shall I do with it?

One day he had his talk with his mother. Perhaps he was abrupt, but diplomacy was faulty or lacking. Perhaps he made mistakes and failed to rise to the requirements of the candid d of his relationship with her. He did his best.

"Mother," he said, "we must talk things over."

She sat silently, waiting for him to speak.

"Whatever you wish," he said, "I shall do—if I can."

"There is a qualification?" she said.

"Suppose you tell me what you want done," he said.

"I want you to come to your senses and realize your position," she said coldly. "I want you to get rid of that woman, and, decent interval, marry some suitgirl."

was discussing your affairs, mother. We will not refer to my wife." are," she said, "in what I am entitled to as your father's widow."

"This house, of course," he said. "You will want to stay here. I want you to stay here."

"And you?"

"I prefer to live as I am."

mean you do not care to come

She compressed her lips and regarded with hostility. Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"I suppose I must make the best

I realize I am powerless." She realized it fully in that moment—realized that her son was a man, a man with force and a will, and that it would be hopeless to try

"Very well," he said, not coldly, not sharply, but sorrowfully. There was no need to try to approach nearer to his mother. She did not desire it. In her she motherly instinct did not appear. She had never given birth to a son, what she had done was to provide her husband with an heir, and, that being done, she was finished with the affair.

He went from his mother to his own room, where he sat down at his desk and wrote a brief letter to his wife. It was not so difficult to compose as the other one had been; but it was equally succinct, equally barren of emotion. Yet he was not barren of emotion as he wrote it.

My Dear Ruth [he wrote]. My father is dead. That makes a very material change in my financial condition, and the weekly sum I have been sending you becomes inadequate. Hereafter a suitable check will be mailed you each week until the year expires. At that time I shall make a settlement upon you which will be perfectly satisfactory. In the meantime, should you require anything, you have but to notify me, or, if you prefer, notify Mr. Manley Richmond, who will attend to it immediately.

This letter he mailed himself. Not many days later it was returned to him with "Not Found" stamped upon it in red

some error, so he sent it again by messenger. The boy returned, to report that the apartment was vacant, and that no

the lady who had occupied it. Bonbright

real nor know where, and such goings-on she never saw, and why she should be asked to bear more than she had borne was a mystery.

There was but one conclusion for Bonbright: Ruth had been too impatient to wait for the year to expire, and had gone away with Dolac.

Hilda could have corrected that belief, but he did not see Hilda—had seen her; for his new duties and new problems and responsibilities occupied him many more hours a day than any labor union or legislature would have permitted an employee to be required to work. His hours of labor did not stop with the eighth, nor with the tenth. There were days when they began with daylight and continued almost to daylight again.

R ... Eighteen knew where she was, but Hilda knew why she had gone. Hilda knew Ruth had crept away because she had suffered the hardest to bear of all wounds

loved.

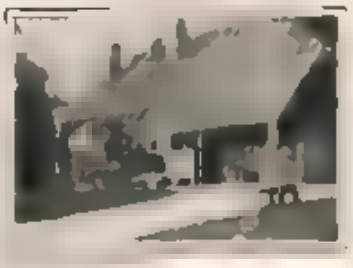
For a few days after the beginning of his reign, Bonbright remained quiescent. It was not through uncertainty, nor because he did not know what he was

that had been his f ... his own. He walked about the plant, studying, scrutinizing, appraising, com-

He was aware that the men eyed him morosely. They still looked at him as the sort of person his father had made him

trample workingmen into unresisting, unprotesting submission—this would be intolerable. So they scowled at him, and

This is the Place Where—



WASHINGTON might have been George I of America instead of Father of his Country had he accepted the proffer of the crown made while he had his headquarters in this quaint stone house at Newburgh, New York.

It was in May, 1782, th ... been messing things u ... at times, and Washington's officers were getting restless. The offer came in a letter written by Colonel Nicola as spokesman for a group of men, all with excellent fighting records, who urged the necessity of monarchy and called upon Washington to become king "by voice of the army," after the fashion set by the Roman legions. The house where W ... that day.

in their homes talked to their wives with apprehension of dark

He felt there a tired helped yet started with the men. It where. He would come to the men at n good time, in their proper order

On his third morning in the office, he had called Malcolm Lightener on the telephone

your proposition to manufacture ten thousand engines still open?"

"Yes."

ove at terms.

I'll send over blue-prints and specifications and my cost figures. Prob-

Bonbright, with a tightening of his Can you lend me Mershon for a while

he man who had designed and built his great plant

"I can't, but I will."

"As soon as he can arrange it, please I want to get started."

"He'll be there in half an hour

MERSHON came—a gray, beefy faced man, with clear, keen, see

in any mine in the country—not only in efficiency, but as a place to work. I want

Give them light and air. Wait till you e shrugged his shoulders. " t enough to have the best machines," e said. "I want the men to be able to do e best that's in them You understand

Mershon nodded.

he next room is yours."

Bonbright pointed toward his old office, the one it had been the family custom to close on the accession of the heir

ou'll find it large enough. If you need more room, ask for it. Get what

a mere interruption of production than necessary," said Mershon

"Exactly. And we need that new

make ren housand eng Lightener this year."

It was that day that he called Rangar into the room. Rangar had been uneasy since his employer had died. He had been an important figure under the old order He wondered what would happen to him now—more especially, if Bonbright had a notion of some of his duties under Bonbright's father. He was not kept in

"Mr Rangar," said Bonbright "I have n looking through the files S

was familiar with timers. Perhaps my father required a man like yourself. I do not. I shall direct the cashier to give you a check for six months' salary."

"But you don't understand the business. Who is going to run it while you

"I don't want to know how this business was run. It's not going to be

that wa there's nothing you could teach me, Mr Rangar. Good afternoon."

Rangar went white with ra But he dated not voice it. It was n Rangar's nature to be open, to fight without cover. If he spoke, the check for six months' salary might be withdrawn; so, uttering none of the venom that flooded to his lips, he went away. Rangar was the sort of man who vows to get

THAT evening Bonbright sat in his window and watched the army of his employees surge out of the big gate and fill the street—five thousand of them. More than ever he realized it now—for he was their overlord. It was he who gave them the work that kept them alive. And he knew that in every one of those five thousand breasts burned resentment toward him. He knew that their most friendly feeling toward him was suspicion. He must turn their resentment, their bitterness, their suspicion, into trust. An older, more experienced man might have scoffed at Bonbright at his daring to conceive such a possibility. But Bonbright dared to set himself the task of

voices, he would meet with them individually, or committees sent by them—committees of themselves. He would not treat with so-called professional labor men. Whatever differences should arise must be settled between this man and himself—with no outside interference. This was a position from which nothing would move him. It will be seen that he was separated by vast spaces from socialism.

He called together his superintendents and department foremen and took them into his confidence regarding his plans for improving and enlarging the plant. They came, if not with an air of hostility, at least with reserve, for they were nearer to the men than they were to Bonbright. They shared the prejudices of the men.

One of them went away from the meeting with all of their old prejudices and with a new belief that Bonbright added hypocrisy to his other vices—some withheld judgment.

When he was done describing the plans the factory, he said,

here is one thing I want to speak about. It is as vital as the other. We have recently gone through a strike that has caused bitterness toward this institution on the part of the men. There has been especial bitterness toward myself. I have no defense of myself to make. It is too late to do that. If any of you men know the facts you know them. On that point I have nothing to say.

"To-morrow notices will be posted in every department stating that my office is open to any man who works for me—any man may come to me with com-

another. "He looked like he meant

Wait and see! That was the general attitude. They took nothing on trust, but put it squarely up to Bonbright to prove himself by his actions.

Mershon came into the office.

"How about this construction work? he asked. "Need an army of bricklayers. What about the unions?"

Was this question coming up so Bonbright frowned. His attitude toward the unions must become public, and would inevitably raise another obstacle between himself and the men, but he was determined on the point

"I'll recognize no union," said Bonbright.

The card of a young man from Richmond's office was brought in. Bonbright sent word for him to be admitted.

I came about that Hamm

y, and the report makes it look as if we'd be stuck if the thing goes to a jury.

know nothing about it," said Bonbright, with a little shock.

IT was possible, then, for a man to be maimed or killed on his own plant, and news of it to reach him after days or perhaps never. He made a note to rectify that state of affairs.

"You mean that this man Hammil was brought our fault?"

"I'm afraid a jury would say so." The young man explained the accident in detail. He complained about the design of his machine, and his foreman told him he could stick to his job there or

to work on an unsafe hine or quit?

Bonbright stared at his blotter a mo-

har did you want to see me abo

"Well, better settle. Right now I can probably run up and put a wad of bills under Hammil's nose and his wife's, and it'll look pretty big. Before some ambulance-chaser gets hold of him.

"Your idea is that we could settle for less than a jury would give him?"

The young man laughed.

"A jury'd give him four or five thousand, maybe more. Doctor says the injury is permanent. I've settled more than like it for three or four hundred."

"The man won't be able to work again

"Won't be good for much."

"Of course."

"Here's Hammil"

"At the General Hos

Bonbright got up and closer for his hat

"Come

"You're not going up there, are you?"

"Yes."

but—but I can handle it all right. Mr F There's no need to bother you."

he you can handle it—

" said Bonbright.

THEY were driven to the hospital and shown up to Jim Hammil's room. His wife was there, pale, tearless, by his bedside. Jim was bandaged groaning in agony. Bonbright's lips lost their

He walked to the bedside. "Jim, ol, "I am Mr Foote."

"I—know—you," said the man, between teeth set to hold back his groans.

"Jim," said Bonbright, "you needn't sign anything. What's done can't be mended

"I'll attend to this," said Bonbright ardly. "It's between Jim and me. I'll make as nearly right as it can be made. F st, we'll have you out of this ward into a room. As long as you are laid up, your wife shall have your full pay every week, and then you and I will have a talk to see

voice "I'm—am to—thank

to—get here—to cheat

You killed her

a scream "Her—er

He's got to believe me!"

se—you lie!" Hammil cried.

a you. My lawyer'll—

do my talkin'."

Bonbright paused a moment.

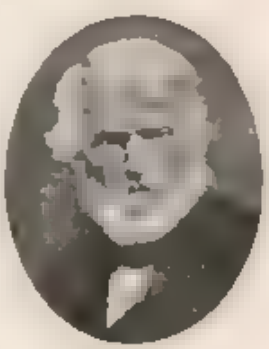
"I'll do what I promised, Jim."

"You lie. You lie!" the man called after him; and Bonbright heard the words pealed again and again as he walked down the long corridor.

To be continued next week

This is His Week

Thomas Carlyle was born in this week—December 4, 1795. He died in 1881. Here are some interesting facts about him that are well worth knowing. THE EDITOR



THOMAS CARLYLE ascended pa fully from the cond tion of a maso son in a poor Scotch village to the unmitigated primacy of his day in English letters. At fifteen he walked all the way from the Highland village, Ecclefechan, where he was born, to Edinburgh, to enter the University. He had a pack of clothes on his back and a few pounds in his pocket to pay for his first quarter's tuition. The stories that are related of his immense reading during his university days are almost fabulous.

lylese began to develop. At e versing was precise, but colorless, character or form. There "overag as he tells us—the inability to express himself as he wished to was stricken away.

My mind followed my hand and my hand followed my mind. I never had any more trouble in writing."

Carlyle was the first to advocate emigration as a solution to some of the social ills of the British Is leant, the great

into this country which started in 1846 began as a result of his essay, Emigra-

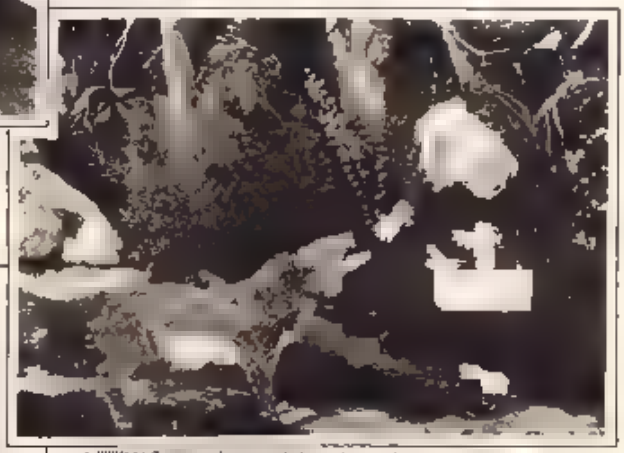
THE DRAYMAH

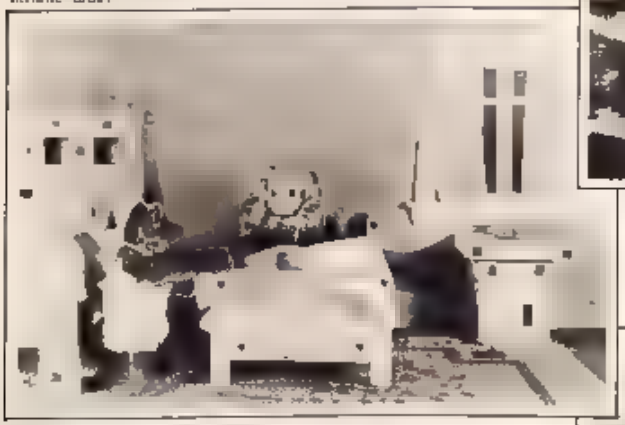
Photographs from the Peter Pan Film Company

EVERYBODY ought to see the stirring outdoor comedy drama Gets the Pennant." There is Jimmy over by the fence looking at the ball as if it were made of rock candy. Why is Jimmy looking at the ball that way? Because he is a Nempire [illegible] as hard lives as vampires. How can an unarmed man say "strike three" to a fellow with a fat club like that? That's why he put nice horizontal swords on the inside of ball-ground fences to help the umpire make a clean getaway.

IT'S a long, long way up the bleachers to Jimmy's seat, but it is worth it when you see a piece of paper. And [illegible] Peter Pan's film and cast punch Johnny Jones' face in for his gleeful aspect at your downfall. "School Days" is another drama we recommend unreservedly. From the lackadaisical nature-study flowers to the tricolor-lenses to teacher's track figure all he was through it is one long chuckle.

OH, goldylocks, Goldylocks, how could you have been so [illegible] in the park and find your little chair broken and your porridge [illegible] and finally a perfectly strange bear in your own little bed. When we saw this picture we called right out loud, "Beat it, Goldy, beat it." And she jumped right out of the window and ran all the way home. "Goldylocks and the Three Bears" is the Supreme Story of Suspense and Surprise" and if it entertains you as it [illegible] favorite brother.





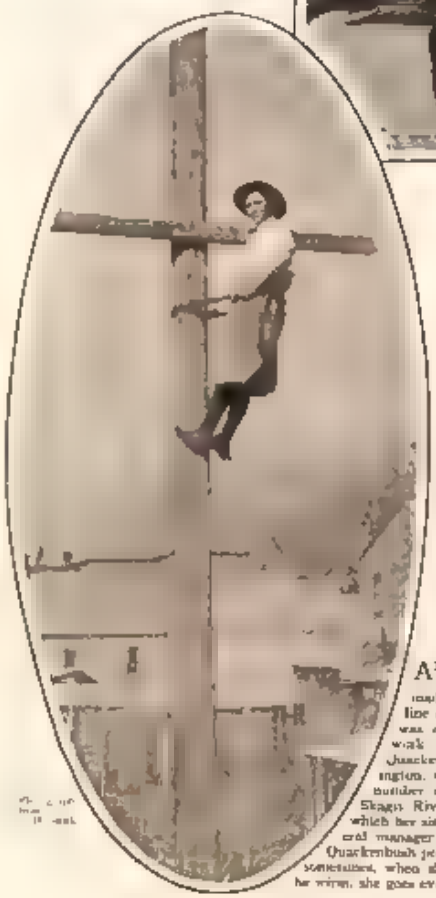
"JIMMY the Soldier Boy" begins poignantly enough with Mary's tricks on ride in Jimmy's little red wagon, preferring the perfidious Willy a pedigreed. This action drives Jimmy into the army where Mary out riding with Willy comes upon our hero drilling. "You had he's long-legged," said Willy. "I'd rather be long-legged than game-headed," replied Mary pointedly climbing off the pedimobile and starting across the parade grounds. Our compliments to the season's leading drama of true love love and [illegible].

THESE pictures," says the producing company "show the final word in patience and ingenuity in the animation of dolls before the camera. And some one in the gentleman used to explain to us how it originally took the miller's son in "Puss in Boots" three hours to kiss the Princess hand. Geoff and nonetheless say we. The miller's son wasn't that kind of a fellow. Puss would never have picked him for the Princess if he had been as slow as all that. Producing companies have their uses, but they know very little about human nature.

ARE THERE ANY MORE

AFTER she had weighed the figure of Boston's only male mermaid love swings the Mayor and the other officials just couldn't wait to see her dressed in any more of her togs than their feet before they walked in and so here decided to remain off Miss Bridget Lyons. This she takes her place on the page as the only permanent schoolwoman in the United States or in New England anyway. Some day we may print her picture again when we publish a page of mothers of seventeen children who have brought twelve of them safely through maturity of whom on the post was Miss Lyons is which

IVO rated by Miss Ruth McNeely vaulted into Cupid's Pet Royal. (Do what generally you ask. To rescue the girl companions. For which he strenuous Hero Band gave her a ride) Life saving like gum-chewing or anything else helps to become a habit as exhibited Miss McNeely at Ocean grove New Jersey the only woman life guard on the Atlantic coast



AFTER he had census a compiler of useless information made the discovery that the only line of work in which no woman was employed was ascertain how work He overlooked Miss Nellie Quackenbush of the State of Washington who has held that job for a number of years employed by the Skagit River Telephone Company of which her sister Mrs. K Glover is general manager The picture shows Miss Quackenbush jerking well up on the ninety seventeenth when she hears what's going over her wires she goes even higher

COLONEL FRED KEPPERT is the only man in the world who does nothing but auction Hereford cattle He can talk as fast as a machine gun and has to take as much care of his voice as Caruso since he often sells at the rate of $1000 a minute and up. At one sale he sold $ 12,000 worth of Herefords in two days establishing a record of $27,500 for one single animal Twenty-seven thousand dollars for one animal Of what gender was he animal you ask Well what does it sound like? Rustl

E AT HOME LIKE THESE?

EVERY man and woman ought to have some bit of education something that sets him or her off from the rest of the world. Take ourselves, for example. We have never held any public office, nor been indicted by a grand jury, but we do take a little pride in the fact that we can tell the capital letters and the small ones apart, and we have never written stage plays. Other editors, Mr and Mrs. Revs of Hollis, Oklahoma, in the same way take pride in being the parents of a handsome set of quadruplets, dated June 4, 1917. What are you noted for?

OMESQUAWIGIGOQUE, when pronounced quickly sounds like somebody running out of the kitchen sink. But it is really a very dignified and affectionate title which the Chippewa Indian tribe of Bass Part, Minnesota, bestowed on Mrs. Stella Prince Stucker, of Duluth, when they made her chief of their tribe. She is only woman in the world to enjoy such an honor. Translated it means "Real She Woman." The Chippewas seem to have no prejudice against letting women vote, and we would gladly bestow the ballot on them if they would do all the work as the Indian women do, subscribing to all the offenses of which we would like to be accused of.

Photograph from Pathé News Pictures

WHEN a little run of bad times hit South Dakota Helen Tolfree, who was busily engaged in drawing plans in an architect's office, moved west to San Diego, and set herself up in the business of running a fancy water she applied for a job as driver for the stage company that operates cars over the 125 miles of rough mountain roads between San Diego and El Centro. "Impossible," said the manager, "no woman can be a stage driver." "All the world's a stage," retorted Helen, quoting Shakespeare, "and the women drive it." And the manager being married himself had to admit that she was right.

THE one entertainer in America who depends entirely upon memory for material is Ray Zenola Maclaren. She has a repertoire of twenty plays, Broadway successes, in which she impersonates 216 characters. She has never seen the text of any one of the plays which she gives. After seeing through a play five times, she is ready to present it, and she reproduces every word, every gesture, every bit of stage business. The government sent her to the Panama Canal some five different times to entertain the workers, and her theory is that they filled up the Culebra Cut just to make the job last longer.

© International Film Service, Inc.

SOMETIMES a picture makes a man look taller than he is. This picture makes Frederick Clive Anderson look shorter. He is the Eiffel Tower of tennis, the Bunker Hill, the Pike's Peak, the long, long road—measuring six feet and seven inches. Mr Anderson's neighbors are small, and his father and two brothers are also tennis players of distinction. His home is in Brooklyn, and in a clear day he may be easily distinguished from our office.

Photograph from U. P. Service

MISS MABLE MACGETT of California is the only woman forest fire leader in the United States. On a lonely peak six thousand feet above the sea, Miss Daggett sits watching for the first bit of smoke that may mean terrible destruction to thousands of dollars worth of timber. It is a lonely job, and the government hesitated to give it to a woman on that account. But Miss Daggett has done it so well that it is proposed to appoint other women to similar jobs, and we have two names to suggest, which we will do privately to the government if we are assured that they will be kept just as lonely or more so.

WIVES WHO WORRY

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON married Miss E M Dorman, an Irish girl, in 1904 and in 1907 he went in search of the South Pole, came within 11 miles of it and returned to England in 1909, $20,000 in debt. In September 1911 he left again, on the longest most daring ... his previous ever attempted and plans all have been given up. ... will exceed Lady Shackleton's grief after 1[illegible] days floating on open ice-floes he came back.

When I married him [illegible] he had ... adoring fever she says ... [illegible] all the ... the world will ... [illegible] ... Raymond grows big enough to ... me that he has it ...

YOU wives who bid your husbands good-by in the morning, knowing that they are going to the same old steam-heated office, how would you like to change places with Mrs T S Mann of Cincinnati? Mrs Mann Mc. Mann says, "Good-by dear. If you're passing the flagpole all the week through.

Photograph by Paul T. Burdick

We are not allowed to give the name of this curiously wife. But her husband's name in case anything ever happens to him, will probably be given in the papers as "Buffalo Bill." His business is to hold stage-coaches for a big rail company. A slap on the back is just as welcome to him as he [illegible] station. His assessment range from twelve hundred States and green-top hand a slap on the back he could what them all at once.

QUAN-TAH a devoted Mohawk squaw has plenty of reason to sit up nights and worry over her husband, Chief Black Feather had just taken up a career as "bad Indian" in the movies. Along about five hundred feet of each picture, the entire cast, sheriffs, hero, heroine, and cowboys, all unite in wreaking vengeance on dear old Black. They chase him off rocky precipices, have him swim wild rivers and string him up to convenient trees. And he rarely but once Black flies away from the stage passengers is all taken away from him after the show.

WHEN they have got the bull sufficiently irritated by inserting spears in his epidermis, the husband of this lady enters the ring and tries to see whether he can shake the bull before the bull shakes him. The lady is master in fastening, always, and she worries a great deal about her husband and his dangerous work. The picture shows her convulsed by worry over a conversation of the world about her entirely oblivious to whether her hat is on straight or not, and not caring how she looks. Oh, that our American women would learn such whole-souled absorption in their husbands as this.

EVER since Dorothy Revere was married six years ago, she has put in most of her time worrying about her husband. Frank at the time was earning the family bread and butter by going up in balloons at county fairs and jumping off. Later he went to France and, finding the war too safe and quiet became a Swiss mountain guide. At present he drives automobiles across streams for the delight of motion-picture enthusiasts.

—For Motor Cars
High costs and the scarcity of leather has given a timely importance to Leatherwove—the motor-car upholstery fabric with an individuality all its own.
No cracking or blistering—can be cleaned without fear of harming—smart-appearing—durable and weatherproof
Various grades and patterns for all classes. Write for samples—compare with the upholstery now used on your car.
CHASE
Leatherwove
BY CHASE & CO. BOSTON
Tastefully fitted homes can be further improved by upholstery of Leatherwove. Where furniture is dedicated to real use Leatherwove is the logical choice.
Leatherwove often outlasts the furniture itself—handsome—sanitary—easily cleaned—economical
Specify Leatherwove for your furniture upholstery and wall coverings. Samples and dealer's name on request
Furniture Use—

Krementz
Correct Jewelry for Men

Useful Gifts

Other combinations—pair links and two collar buttons, $4.00; pair links, tie clasp to match, $4.50; pair links, tie clasp and vest chain, $5.00.

Sold by dealers everywhere. If dealer is not convenient, we will send you a pair of links by mail.

dealers everywhere.

KREMENTZ & CO
Department M
NEWARK NEW JERSEY

How Do You Know You're Hitting the Target?

By JAMES H. COLLINS

F [illegible] in the cut-over lands of the South [illegible] ated on certain sections of the road.

[illegible] that would never do!" said the [illegible] ity by promoting another. Promote [illegible] and let folks settle where they want to."

"How do you know you're getting [illegible]

Oh, general results show that," was [illegible]

But the new man was skeptical. He [illegible] housand persons who had asked for information in the preceding [illegible]

"The thirteenth auto-tire called in a day"

railroad concentrated on development of a [illegible] ing [illegible] they came to. That brought results which [illegible] came all danger of community jealousy. For, if a community complained that it [illegible] being neglected, the railroad simply said:

"All right, when you help us to do this [illegible]

What Was Wrong with the American Housewife

THERE is much long-range artillery [illegible] target is usually out of sight—thousands of miles off very often, with our national [illegible]

Much good effort is wasted through [illegible] but it is well worth while.

[illegible] called in a domestic science expert, a [illegible] made lots of twenty-four-inch and thirty-inch bread-pans as a regular part of [illegible] one, and formerly these [illegible] But now people left them on the hardware dealers' hands. The American housewife was too lazy to bake bread as her mother had, the [illegible] and go to movies. How could they reform her and teach her to buy [illegible]

The woman expert made a tour of investigation, and [illegible] The big bread- [illegible] change of a promotion [illegible] smaller [illegible]

"But we've got seventy-five thousand [illegible] those pans," protested the manag [illegible] seemed like a personal grievance.

"All right," said the expert. "If you don't care to scrap that machinery, just [illegible]

He scrapped the machinery—his target had been missed

He Located the Target

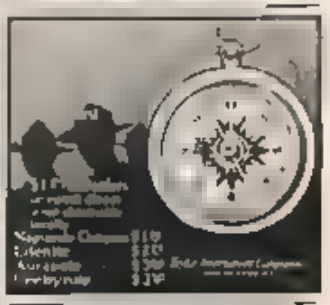
AN advertising man handed a [illegible] [illegible] that money was needed [illegible] medium—newspapers, signs [illegible] [illegible] making [illegible] [illegible] canning job went through [illegible] lists of several social clubs [illegible] did they buy nothing at that store, but they would save a nickel by going to bargain stores round the corner which never advertised in their schemes at all. The proprietor could not dodge these facts. He [illegible] feasible.

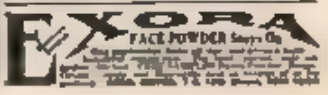
In another case, a big [illegible] all [illegible] chance convenience for household use. The [illegible] had [illegible]

This company, however, had something [illegible] forty-two centimeter guns of advertising [illegible] began [illegible]

By facts and figures he showed that the industry had been through a boom of over-selling and misrepresentation; that the public was now suspicious instead of [illegible] had [illegible]

ALAS! [illegible] Time will [illegible] reckless hand has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life to light the fires of passion with from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number. LONGFELLOW





Used in the Armies and Navies of the World

For Christmas give

PARKER

LUCKY CURVE

SAFETY-SEALED FOUNTAIN PENS

FOR the boys at the front, for relatives, friends and sweethearts. The enduring gift, always appreciated, always useful.

Parker Self-fillers are ***safety-sealed;*** the new type "no holes in the wall" fountain pens.

Ink can't get out to soil clothes or person. In event of accident to interior mechanism, the pen automatically changes from a Self-filler to a non-Self-filler without interruption of service. Because of these exclusive features it's the pen for the army and navy, where only dependable pens are wanted.

Your search for suitable gifts is at an end—decide on PARKER FOUNTAIN PENS. The name is your guarantee of quality.

PARKER PEN CO., 295 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

New York Retail Store, Woolworth Bldg.

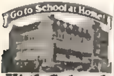
No. 20— $2.50
No. 21 3.50
No. 51 3.50
No. 24 4.00
No. 14 Sterling 5.00
No. 14 Gold Plate 6.00

Parker Clips 25c extra

Ink tablets in place of fluid ink for soldiers' use: box of 36 for 10 cents.

At leading dealers

In Dainty Gift Boxes



High School Course in Two Years!

Here's a thorough, complete, simplified High School Course that ... years. A liberal education ... incalculable value, by spare time study at home. Course prepared by leading professors in Universities and Academies.

Meets Entrance Requirements of Colleges and Universities

Don't Stop Growing

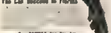
Make up for Lost Time!

Choice of 20 Courses

SEND COUPON TODAY

American School

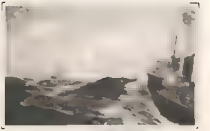
You Can Succeed in Florida



PATENT

DO BUSINESS ON OUR CAPITAL

Janitor for Art's Sake



The picture ... the

ONE cold night some years ago, a tenant in a Chicago apartment-house drew courage from his ... down and have ... janitor. He approached the janitor's cellar room with no gentle step—but the speech he had been preparing all the way down stopped at the first word.

For the janitor was bending over a rough sketch in which upflung waves stood out against a lowering sky, and so absorbed was he in putting in the last touches that he had not observed the angry lodger's approach.

Fortunately, this particular apartment dweller was as unusual as his janitor. He knew enough about such things to see that the sketch had power, that it was an effective treatment of one of the most difficult subjects—water in motion. He advised the janitor to seek an interview with Anders L. Zorn, the distinguished Swedish painter, who was then in Chicago.

That janitor was Charles Edward Hall... Swedish sailor who had given up ... ng to try janitoring that he might ... greater opportunity to make his sketches—always of the sea.

Hallberg thanked the lodger, and hurried off to stoke up. Next day he carried his sketches to Zorn. But Zorn, almost without looking up, said he was too busy ...

... s hand

"Hallberg, you say your name is? Well, Mr. Hallberg, you will be a great marine artist some day."

Figuratively at least, Hallberg changed his cellar for a garret, and went to work. To-day he ranks among the best marine ... ists of his time. One of hi...

... ward prize. Pa... in the Natio... and in the Gothenburg Museum. His latest picture, "The Atlantic in Wa... reproduced here, was shown re... at the Swedish Art Exhibition in ...

...lberg often speaks of his days as ... but he has never been heard to ...

Kiffin Rockwell's Letters to His Brother

Continued from page 8

say he is killed, but we don't believe it), got full on Chapman's back, shot his machine to pieces, and wounded Victor in the head. It is just a scratch, but a ... hat he wasn't killed. ... Chapman's machine were broken, but he landed b... holding them together with his hand. The Germans came over yesterday and to-day and bombarded us. I didn't see them yesterday. To-day I went up, but ... otor didn't work when I left the ...

Navarre was wounded to-day. Then I saw a pilot and his passenger burned up ... a machine, but that was the fault of the pilot.

I had thought beforehand that yesterday and to-day I would try my darndest to kill one or two Germans for the boys who got it this time last year, but, as I say, I had no luck. Am tired out now. Have been out four different times to-day, and all the time going up and down. One time I dropped straight down from 4000 meters to 1800 meters on a boche, but he got away. It tires one a lot, the change in heights and manoeuvering. Will close with love ...

On June 17 Clyde Balsley who had not been long with the escadrille, wa... crippled for life in a heroic combat against an overwhelming number of boche aëroplanes. Kiffin wrote me of the fight:

Monday.

Dear Paul:

Well, yesterday was a rather bad day for us. You know we thought Balsley rather young and inexperienced, but ever since he came out to the escadrille I liked ... better and better every day, as I saw ... to work, and ...

...osen to follow the captain, but only ... rince, Balsley, and I did so.

We four were over the lines when we ran across about forty boches in one little sector, flying at different heights. At el... to, where we were there were twelve ... fifteen little *avions de chasse*, which g... just as fast as we do, and in addition carry a passenger. The pilot shoots as we do, but the man back of him has a second gun, which can cover the rear and sides.

We were only four, and over the German lines, but we stayed close together, and for ten or fifteen minutes circled around the boches, they shooting at us nearly all the time from four or five hundred meters. Finally we saw our chance. One of their machines crossed over between us and our lines, while all the others were in the rear of us.

I saw either Prince or Balsley go over in a regular death-drop, and thought ... myself that he was killed. Then ... sight of another of our machines and ...

The Jar of Musterole on the Bath-Room Shelf

When little Susie had a cough, when Johnny got his feet wet and caught cold, when father sprained his knee; when granny's rheumatism bothered her—that jar of Musterole was right there to give relief.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates down to the causes of the ache or the cold. And the heat which it generates usually dispels the cold or ...

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Get the Drop on that Cough

DEANS COUGH DROPS 5¢

DEAN MEDICINE CO.

Patents

captain and I were left. He signaled ... we turned back and finally came home, thinking the other two were killed. Prince came home soon after. He had ... to drop straight down, owing to a boche getting the upper hand on him and putting a bullet through his casque.

Poor Baldey seems to have dived ... one boche, gotten close to him, and when he tried to shoot his gun it jammed after one shot. He turned off, and as he did ... a bullet caught him in the hip and ... fled on hitting the bone. Baldey fell ... ght down, but luckily had his feet strapped to the commands, and was able to readdress the machine and land with one foot. He landed just inside of our lines, and really had a close call. His machine completely smashed on landing.

At present we are not sure of his wound. I may turn out to be only a slight thing, ... several pilots have died from be... wounded like that and getting blood po... son. He has been proposed for the ...edaille Militaire for his bravery.

Love from K. STEN.

SIX days later, Death, who ever stands ... the airman, laid his sorrow-bringing hand on the American escadrille. It was gallant, wonderful, unforgettable Victor Chapman whom the inevitable conqueror touched and called as his first chosen from the little group. This is how Victor fell, as told by my brother.

Friday.

... feel very blue to-night. Victor was killed this afternoon. I was the guard here to-day, so didn't go out over the lines. The captain, Victor, Prince, and Lufbery went out this afternoon. Inside the German lines they attacked five German machines. The captain, Prince, and Lufbery came out all right and came home. But Victor didn't show up.

We were beginning to feel uneasy, when a Maurice Farman pilot telephoned. He said he saw one of the Nieuports suddenly ... would ... he never received anything in the way of decorations yet for the one month here he was proposed ... d'Escadre de Farmin, and ... Militaire.

As I say, he and I had roomed together and flown very much together, so I rather feel it, as I had grown up like him so very ... to-morrow, but if not Prince and I ... going to fly about ... best to kill ...

Much love ...

Victor's last citation reads ...

How many air fights were fought ... Verdun by the American flyers ... July and August I do not ... Kiffin had in July some fort... ... a goodly number of boche machines. Near the close of August Kiffin was given the following citation in army orders:

... iffin Yates Rockwell ... Escadrille N. 124 enlisted ... the war. Having rendered ... valuable services in the aviation de chasse of the army by unsparing efforts during four ... Prince, Lufbery, and Hall also, had ...

ALONG in August, Jim McConnell was painfully injured in a bad smash-up. He had been patrolling the air with Kiffin and Norman during a hot battle around Fleury and Thiaumont keeping the boche observation machines from ... the French machines to go home ... flyers for France stuck to their p... darkness began to fall and it was too late for any observing to be done. Then they started to return to camp by starlight.

Kiffin and Norman got in without unusual incident, but on the way home Jim's motor went wrong. He started descending, trying to pick a safe landing in the strange country. He was flying very low because of the darkness, and ... dumped over and smashed up in a deep road-bed. Pollus ran out from a near-by camp, expecting to pick up a dead pilot, but Jim was seemingly all right ... cept for a few magnificent bruises.

About the end of the month, he and Kiffin came to Paris on seven days' leave. Jim's back grew worse and worse, and often he sat up all night, unable to sleep because of the pain. Of a morning Kiffin and I had to help him put on his clothes, and he could walk only with the support of a cane. Yet, when his seven days were up, he insisted on returning to the escadrille. When he got there he was unable to walk at all, and the captain at once sent him off to a hospital.

Kiffin celebrated his return from per... by knocking down another boche machine, which fell in the first-line trenches near Vauquois. He wrote me a few lines about ...

Dear Paul

Just a few lines. We have not yet left ...

Lieutenant Raoul Lufbery, Amer... ace's greatest and ... tor, the American ... enemy machines ... his aptly "Whisky," his ...

dive straight down, and then the machine break to pieces in air. I figure that Victor was probably hit by a bullet, and that also some of the cables of his machine were cut by bullets. When he was hit he probably fell forward on his "broom-stick" or whatever you call in English the controller), that would cause the machine to dive.

He fell inside the German lines. We are trying to notify his parents in America. I would like to see every paper in the world pay a tribute to Victor. There is no question but that he had more nerve than all the rest of us put together. We were all afraid that he would be killed, and I ... have begged ... prudent. He ... I have seen him twice right on top of a German, shooting; but it was always in their lines, where it is impossible to tell always when you bring a machine down.

Victor's head wound was not fatal,

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

of IMPORTED *and* DOMESTIC *tobaccos—Blended*

The new blend—
and it can't be copied

The *new blend* of Imported and Domestic tobaccos in this new cigarette, Chesterfield, does a new and important thing for smokers—

Chesterfields "reach home." They *let you know you are smoking*—they "*Satisfy*"!

Yet, *they're Mild!*

There *is* more to a cigarette than merely the good taste. Easy to prove it—try Chesterfields. Today.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

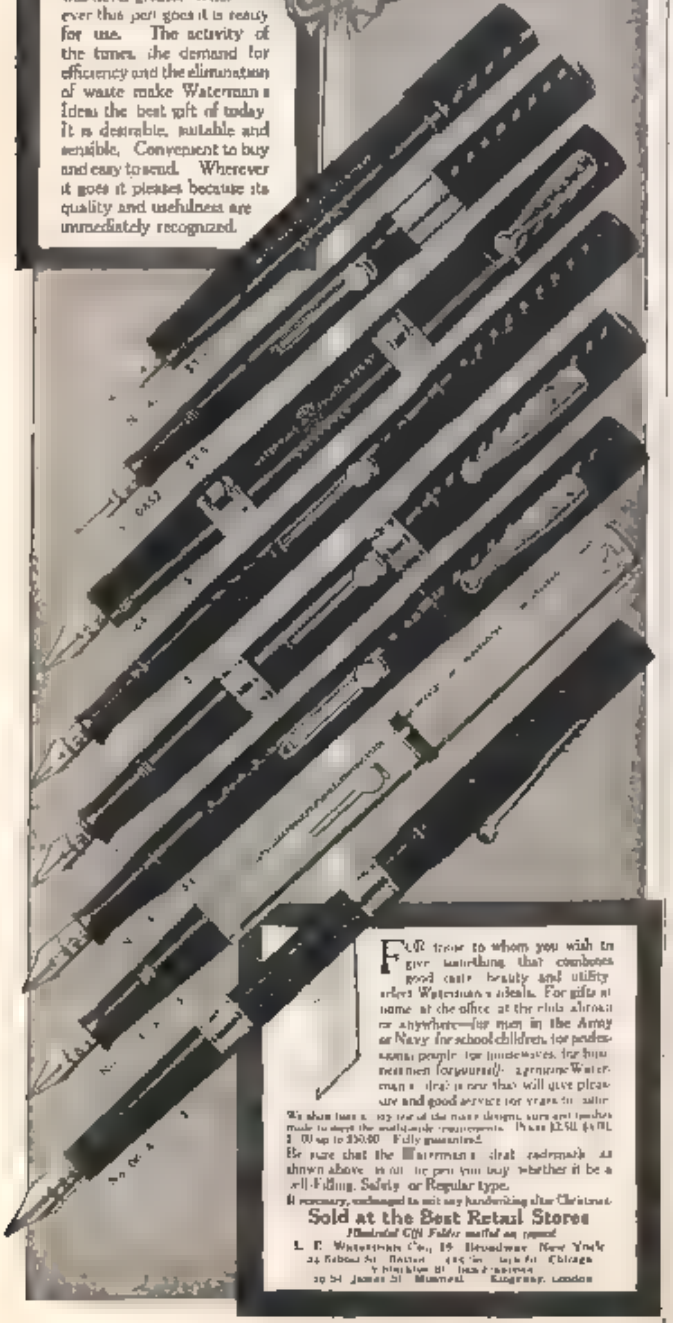
They "Satisfy"! and yet they're Mild!

SEND HIM THE TIN OF 100. We'll mail the tin for you (100 for 85c) prepaid to any address in the U. S. (training camps, etc.) if your dealer hasn't them. Address Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 212 Fifth Ave., New York.

Gifts

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

THE appreciation of a reliable fountain pen was never greater. Wherever this pen goes it is ready for use. The activity of the times, the demand for efficiency and the elimination of waste make Waterman's Ideal the best gift of today. It is desirable, suitable and sensible. Convenient to buy and easy to send. Wherever it goes it pleases because its quality and usefulness are immediately recognized.



FOR those to whom you wish to give something that combines good taste, beauty and utility select Waterman's Ideals. For gifts at home or the office, at the club abroad or anywhere—for men in the Army or Navy, for school children, for professional people, for businessmen, for businessmen for yourself—a genuine Waterman's Ideal is one that will give pleasure and good service for years to come.

We show here a few of the many designs, sizes and finishes made to meet the individual requirements. Prices $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 to $50.00. Fully guaranteed.

Be sure that the Waterman's Ideal trademark as shown above is on the pen you buy, whether it be a self-Filling, Safety or Regular type.

If necessary, exchanged to suit any handwriting after Christmas.

Sold at the Best Retail Stores

Illustrated Gift Folder mailed on request

L. E. Waterman Co., 19 Broadway, New York
24 School St., Boston, 209 So. State St., Chicago
[illegible] St., San Francisco
30-34 Jewin St., Montreal, Kingsway, London

but hope to be in Paris in a couple of days.

This morning I attacked a boche at 5000 metres high, killed the observer and the first shot, when my machine-gun jammed, but with it I followed the boche machine down to 1800 metres and riddled it with bullets. At 1a height I was attacked at close range by two other German machines. I succeeded in getting back home. My first machine fell just in the German trenches, and our artillery fired on it.

Love, KIFFIN.

For this victory and his previous good work, Kiffin was proposed for a second lieutenancy.

On September 11 the entire escadrille received in Paris, having been ordered to leave the Verdun sector and return to Luxeuil. The day after their arrival in Paris Kiffin, Thaw, Hall, Johnson, and Lo brought us a mascot, a four-months-old lion cub which they named Whisky.

Early the morning of Sunday, September 17, I again went with a party of aviators en route for the front. This time they were Kiffin, Lufbery, Masson, Paul Pavelka, and Robert Rockwell. The two last named were new arrivals to the escadrille. As Kiffin gave me a farewell handshake he said:

"Cheer up; I'll be back again soon on permission."

Six days later he was killed in aerial combat over Rodem, in reconquered Alsace.

At the very hour of his death I received the last letter he sent me, written Wednesday, September 20, on his twenty-fourth birthday.

Wednesday

Dear Paul

Received your letter this morning. The weather has been cold and bad ever since we arrived here. I have gotten my machine, which is the best they have, and have fixed it up with two machine-guns. But I don't expect much work here, as I fear the weather is going to be bad most of the time.

I found a number of people glad to see me back, and I think I can get along all right if we are forced to stay here for the winter.

At present am staying at the hotel, but am looking around for a nice, quiet little place to live, unless Captain Happe tries to make us live at the field, which would be foolish.

Love, KIFFIN.

And this is his final reaction to a new order.

Kiffin Yates Rockwell, an American pilot of the escadrille, won the admiration of his chiefs and his comrades by his sangfroid, his courage and his daring. Killed in the course of an aerial combat September 20, 1916.

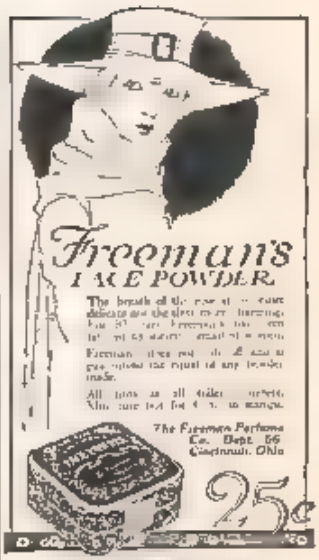
IF in some shadow-land my brother reads these lines, I hope that he will not be annoyed or angry that I have spoken more often of him than I have of his beloved comrades. In life Kiffin detested being written about. He used to request me time and again to do what I could to keep his name out of the newspapers. He often stated that his French comrades did daily, without one word of praise, much more than he did, and that it was not just that the exploits of the American aviators be given such prominence.

The only time he ever mentioned death was in a letter to his mother, written just before he went to the front as an aviator. In this letter he said:

"If I die, I want you to know that I have died as every man ought to die—fighting for what is right. I do not feel that I am fighting for France alone, but for the cause of all humanity—the greatest of all causes."

The death of these four aviators had a great moral effect in America and many believe did more than anything else to make the people of the United States prepare, and to induce them to side with France and her Allies in force as well as in sympathy.

The highest tribute I can pay to Victor, to Kiffin, to Norman, and to Jim, I pay when I say that each was worthy of the other.



Freeman's FACE POWDER

The breath of the rose itself is not more delicate and the skin to which it clings will not be more attractive.

Freeman's does not show on the closest inspection.

All tints at all dealers' prices. Also new odor for 4 weeks in sample.

The Freeman Perfume Co., Dept. 56, Cincinnati, Ohio

25¢

Infantile Paralysis

Left 8 year old Evelyn Olson so crippled she had to crawl on her knees. Five months' treatment at the McLain Sanitarium restored her feet and limbs to the full natural condition shown in the lower picture. Her mother has this to say:

We took our baby to renowned specialists in Kansas City, Mo., and were told that she would be a cripple for life. We then took her to the McLain Sanitarium, where she received treatment for about five months, and when she returned home she was entirely cured. We cannot express our gratitude for what the McLain Sanitarium has done for our child.

Mr. and Mrs. JOHN OLSON,
R. F. D. 10, Olivette, Mo.

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution, devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities. Its Diagnostic Staff includes experienced men in children and young adults' bone work. Children with Infantile Paralysis also Book of Information sent on Request.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
999 Aubert Ave. St. Louis

LaVida Electric Vibrator

Makes you the proud possessor of velvet-soft skin and the charm of [illegible]

Takes [illegible] gets into [illegible] Uses alternating current only. [illegible]

[illegible] Your dealer has it. If not, send [illegible]

$5

ADDRO-MFG. CO.
[illegible] Pittsburgh, Pa.

STUDY LAW 30 Days FREE

Let us prove to your entire satisfaction, at our expense, that the Hamilton College of Law is locally recognized, resident law school in U. S. Conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws. LL. B. by correspondence. Only law school in U. S. combining standard resident school with home instruction, by mail. Over 1000 class-room lectures. Faculty of over 30 prominent lawyers. Graduates in complete practice to pass bar examination. Only law school using Complete Course in Ordinary and Public Speaking. Text Daily criticized and personally by Prof. Orleans, Business Man. Noted Lawyers and Students. Don't delay. Write today for Large Handsome Illustrated Prospectus and Special 30 Day Free Trial. HAMILTON COLLEGE OF LAW 1220 Advertising Bldg., Chicago

PLAY THE PIANO

Learn In Easy Lessons By Mail

[illegible] to play correctly by mail. By the [illegible] of [illegible] you can learn [illegible] Ragtime, Classic and Popular Music. [illegible] Book [illegible] Free. [illegible] Write today. [illegible] Booklet, testimonials, etc. A postal brings you valuable FREE book on piano playing, explaining all about this wonderful new method. Write today. APPLIED INSTITUTE OF MUSIC
[illegible], Minneapolis, Minn.

He Has Charge of One Third of the World's Gold

If this man's signature does not pass through your hands frequently, you are either so fortunate as to be beyond the need of money or on that hilly road to the poor-house.

HERE'S a man who has not bought a Liberty bond, and who won't buy one. A slacker? Not by considerable margin. He hasn't and won't because he can't. And yet, he has in his vaults one third of all the gold in the world.

The answer to the riddle is that his job won't permit him to go anywhere beside. What is he? Well, his signature is familiar to you, even if you haven't recognized him by the picture, which shows him at work on the job. You'll find that signature in the lower right-hand corner of that new five-dollar bill you managed to save out of the week's pay after settling with the butcher, the baker, and the gas-maker. The signature is a clear hand says "John Burke"; and in fine type underneath you may read, "Treasurer of the United States."

John Burke is a Progressive Democrat from North Dakota. We say progressive because he progressed from a sawmill ridgepole in North Dakota to the governor of the State and nearly progressed to the presidential candidacy, but finally came into his present office in Washington. He is custodian of all of the government funds, and in his way-business receives eight hundred dollars a year by and he can't add one cent to that amount. Some of the millions and millions of bills under his guardianship.

He is the only bonded official in the Treasury Department, and is directly responsible for the United States Treasury, which makes his position the most responsible in the world.

John Burke is very busy these days, he cashes all the treasury warrants issued to England, France, Belgium, Russia, and Italy.

Leavings—*Continued from page 7*

eatly she slumped into dejected silence. From this Clarissa roused her:

"Say, kiddo, come out of your trance. If you and your hot-shot friend don't mind I'm going back with you tonight."

"Going back?" to Mrs. Bosey's.

"You've named the joint going nuts while the going's good. This show is on the slide, and your little Egyptian wise guy wants to get back to Broadway."

"Grand!" cried Billy. "Come ahead!"

And Lisa feebly echoed, "Grand!"

NEXT morning, while Clarissa was seeking dill pickles at the delicatessen, Lisa climbed on a chair before the mirror to discover if possible wherein she was lacking. The silhouette was perfect. The skirt could not have been shorter or tighter. Her brown hair smoother. Her mouth dead on. Her eyes was a little bit too way ultra-fashionable—but her face was all wrong.

It was a sweety face, mild-eyed and ingenuous, the kind of face that looks out from under garden hats in sheltered, happy country places. On Broadway it had no excuse for being, utterly lacking as it was in the adamantine capacity for self-preservation that characterized Rissy's handsome countenance.

"You need dash," Lisa told herself scornfully. "Rissy's right—you've got no punch nor pep."

In pursuit of "pep," she purchased some of the strong and expensive perfume used by Clarissa, and, when Billy came, pretended to smoke a cigarette. It was useless. Billy did not like to see her smoke, and promptly took the cigarette away—then gave his entire attention to Clarissa, who was lounging on the sofa, frowsy-haired and in a room dressing-sacque.

Still Lisa did not despair. She devoured Miss Florence Fairchild's advice by day and besmeared herself with cold cream by night, hoping against hope. Billy was constantly with her, but all he could talk of was Clarissa's charms. As for Clarissa, when at home she beamed upon Billy; but she was not often at home, being much occupied, she told them, doing vaudeville skits in private houses "for charity." She was so often away in fact, that Lisa was thinking of building an addition to the Harlem home, a den for Billy to study in, the very afternoon that he came with the news of an engagement.

Say, sister," he, arriving to the step of the bus, looking curiously dazed, but vastly proud of himself, "if the bus fills up and you can make a stretch, will you go with me to buy a ring? I want to get a diamond for Rissy, a number one stone."

"A ring? For Rissy?"

The Harlem flat came crashing down, and the hope-springs-eternal look died in Lisa's face. However, she managed to hold her head high.

"Rissy's so beautiful," she gasped admiringly.

"She's a wiz," cried Billy. "I believe me, she is."

IT was not Rissy's or Billy's fault that Lisa had no "pep"—but for all that, she decided to leave Mrs. Bosey's. She told Rissy she must be nearer her work, and took a room down on Ninth Avenue, where the rumbling of the L was an effective barrier to excessive retrospection. She had been engaged in the forlorn business of "forgetting" only two days, however, when Billy McGregor appeared.

"Say," said I came to ask you about Rissy." Billy was curiously perplexed and harassed. "Rissy's a real artist—just wrapped up in her work. She's out every evening. I want to plan some place for

You can buy 'em *Everywhere*

Traveling Salesmen are great users of S. B. Cough Drops. Exposed to all weather in many climates, they have learned that Smith Brothers will keep their voices clear and ward off coughs and colds.

IN every nook and corner of the country, in big cities and small villages. Not only at drug stores but general stores, grocery stores, candy shops, cigar stores, hotel and railroad news-stands. 700,000,000 sold last year.

Winter is Here~ *BE READY!*

Damp, cold, raw December weather. Snow in the air. Sudden winter rains. Keep your throat clear and defend yourself against colds with Smith Brothers' S. B. Cough Drops.

S. B. Cough Drops are pure. No drugs. No narcotics. Pure ingredients with just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach. Put one in your mouth at bedtime; it keeps the breathing passages clear.

SMITH BROTHERS'
S.B. COUGH DROPS

SMITH BROTHERS of Poughkeepsie
Also makers of S. B. Chewing Gum

Your Boy In Khaki

Absorbine, Jr.

Well, here is one thing that every one of us can do.

Remember the ... Keep ... happy instead of ... for them. THE EDITOR

We ... in the spring ... and ... work.

Why didn't he call up Rosy ...

... You're going to be so happy, Rosy ...

"Kiddo," she cries, with a little ...

No one ... the ... house ...

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of ...

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Patent Sense

INVENTORS

Be an EXPERT in ELECTRICITY

HAWKINS GUIDES

Crooked Spines Made Straight

30 Days' Trial

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT
CHOOSE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM OUR CATALOG
The Handsome Solid Gold La Vallière
$25 Down, $2.50 a Week
Send for Free Catalog
LOFTIS
Loftis Bros. & Co. Dept. 1 2 3 4 108 to 112 N. State St. CHICAGO, ILL.
Loftis Bros. & Co. Ltd. Toronto, Can.
Vapo Resolene
for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.
Sold by Druggists
Vapo-Cresolene Co., Inc. 62 Cortlandt St., New York
Many Pictures Without Nails
Moore Push-Pins
10c
Moore Push-Pin Co. Philadelphia
FREE BOOK Learn Piano!
This Interesting Free Book
SAVE MONEY on ENGINES
GASOLINE OR KEROSENE
Grow Mushrooms
Give Your Boy a Model Aeroplane for Christmas
INVENT SOMETHING. It May Bring Wealth. Write for our List of Inventions Wanted and Our Guide Book, "How to Get Your Patent and How to Sell It." Sent Free. Highest References. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

It was so complete, the little home in Harlem, even to the hint of parsley in the kitchen window, that it was very quiet, very quiet. Lisa noticed unopened packages on the hall. The curtains for the bedroom had come, her mother Billy and Rosy had insisted she buy. Vaguely uneasy, she hurried into the living-room—that cozy living-room where Blum-field's three-piece plush set held out its comfortable arms.

THERE, in Blumfield's over-stuffed easy chair, surrounded by a chaos of unsorted parcels, snuggled Billy Mac Gregor, his red head deep in his hands.

"Billy, you're not sick?"

Billy lifted a face tightly drawn into lines of pain and disgust and utter physical exhaustion.

"Lisa! How you! I know you'd come!"

"Where's Rosy?"

"Gone," He held out a crumpled letter. "This is nice for a man to get on his wedding day? Listen to that!" And he read, in a voice that tried to be gruff, but which kept getting squeaky with emotion: "Dear Billy—I hate the one to live in that dinky flat, Billy dear, when Mr. Muggles can give me everything I want. Billy dear!—did you get that?"

"Mr. Muggles!" cried Lisa. "You mean Rosy's married him, after all?"

"Married him!" echoed Billy, then checked himself and turned red. "Yes, sorter. I guess that's what I suggest. Rosy's married him. You see, Rosy hasn't been working for years, like she told me. She's been running around with him some. Last night she left a message for Chinese."

Lisa sat down, drawing the rocker close to his side.

"Billy, Billy, I'm sorry. Rosy was so beautiful."

"Sorry?" cried Billy defiantly. "I'm not sorry. What do I want to be married to a girl like that for? Last night I was wild—sure I was. I walked the streets for hours. But this morning I've got more sense. You see, Lisa, I found out long ago Rosy didn't care much for me, but I couldn't seem to break loose." He leaned back, his face in the shadow of it—and gave a long whistle of dismay. "Phew! It was a bad dream, Lisa—just a dream."

Looking at Billy, so crestfallen, worn, and subdued, Lisa saw that, in spite of the wedding-party eye and the severe pained walk, Clarence must have been a very bad dream. Amused and wondering, she cried:

"Never mind, Billy; it's over now. She phoned me this morning that I'm sorry to leave you, but there's just time to get to Chinese."

McGregor shot forward and clutched her shirt-waist sleeve in agony.

"Have a heart, Lisa. Don't go. I'm sorry going to them the way I was."

"I have to go, Jim's counting on me."

"Since when does Jim count on anything on you." He jumped up and laid both hands on her shoulders, pushing her back on anybody, ever Joe! But I'm coming too. Can I, Lisa? I have a hooch, the hooch Rosy worked for a good thing and left behind on the doorstep, but you can make a man of me, sister. I know it down to the ground. Say, sister, Lisa, quit your blushing. Don't run away. Honest, can't I come?"

How was Lisa's chorus for complete reunion. Yet Lisa did not see anything she did not notice it was Billy who had put his arm about her waist, was pressing him, her blue eyes wide with happiness.

"Yes, you may, Billy. And hurry up. Of course, I'd love to have you come."

THE Tourist's Delight went lumbering up Fifth Avenue.

"Ladies and gentlemen," urged Joe, the barker, "turn to the right—"

But the old lady from Pittsfield refused to unbirth her disapproving gaze from Broadway at all.

"Mary Ella," she snorted in a stage whisper to her sister, "what are those birds eatin'? Laughing and giggling and carrying on so that your thing-dee-bob's wore on a honeymoon! Outrageous!

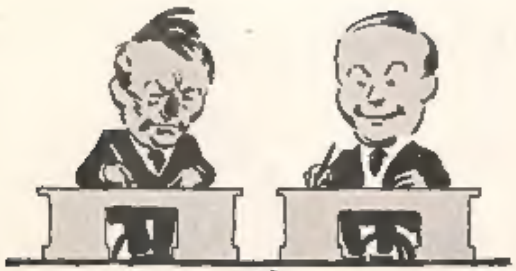
"Good fellow, Big Ben, he helped me live on time."

Big Ben of Waterbury is respected by all—insisted of time throughout the world. He's loyal, dependable and his ring is how—not half-minute calls as exactly for five minutes.

Big Ben is an extra-heavy beauty. At your jeweler's $3.50 in the States, $4.50 in Canada. Send prepaid on receipt of price if your jeweler doesn't stock him.

Western Clock Co. Makers of Waterbury Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Sleep-eze and Blue-Ribbon

SPECIALLY PRICED
TO INTRODUCE OUR HIGH GRADE STATIONERY
50c Postpaid
Name Correctly Embossed
25 Sheets Fine Linen Finish Paper
25 Envelopes to Match
Latest Style, Size and Shape
Printed from Beautiful Engraved Plate
Your Choice of Many Styles
Write for Free Sample Sheet
Eclat Gold
Inc. Address only
Name Correctly Embossed
Latest Style, Size and Shape
Printed from Beautiful Engraved Plate
Your Choice of Many Styles
Write for Free Sample Sheet
Eclat Gold
Inc. Address only
MONOGRAMS AND FLAG EMBLEMS
SPECIALTY PRINTING CO. Dept. 1 Cincinnati, O.



the Difference

Here are two men. Their jobs are alike. They receive the same weekly insult in their pay envelopes every Saturday night.

Here is the difference:

The first is a member of The Cash-Out Club.

The second is a member of The Cash-In Club.

The Cash-Out Club is composed of everybody who is not a member of The Cash-In Club.

The Cash-In Club is made up of fellows who are cashing in on their spare time.

Five or ten minutes at noon-time, maybe.

Or a half-hour or so in the evening, perhaps.

Members of The Cash-In Club are making from $5.00 to $30.00 a week aside from their salaries—just during their spare time.

The Cash-In Club is a wonder.

It is built on a happy idea.

Every man who has a few minutes' or a few hours' or a few days' spare time every week is qualified to become a member.

It will not cost you a cent to find out all about it.

No matter what your name is—put it on the attached coupon and mail it right away.

Jim Pepper
Secretary

Resignation from the Cash-Out Club

Mr. JIM PEPPER, *Secretary*
THE CASH-IN CLUB
381 Fourth Avenue
NEW YORK, N. Y.

I am not very strong for The Cash-Out Club. Let's hear all about The Cash-In Club. Maybe I'll join.

Name.....

St. Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Breaking into a Bat Apartment-House

THERE is an apartment-house in New York where you can, if you will and are able, pay $25,000 a year for your flat. If this is the latest word in houses that hold many families under one roof, Mr. Roy C. Andrews—recently returned from China, where he had been sent by the American Museum of Natural History—tells of finding what is probably the oldest in the world. Its tenants are exclusively bats, and the great community dwelling occupies an area equal to two city blocks on a mountain-side on the Thibet border and is many stories high. Here is the explorer's story:

The Home of Thousands of Bats

SOME persons might have described the place as a cave, although nature and the best bat families had developed it into an underground flat. We had to stoop in order to enter; but, for that matter, there are doors almost as small as this entrance into Batland to be found at the front of metropolitan cliff dwellings. Having successfully made our entry, we found ourselves in a central court or great foyer, to the right and left of which there were deep galleries running back into the rock as far as the eye could see. On the roofs of those chambers or corridors were hanging more bats than I ever saw before or hope ever to see again.

There were many thousands of them. Each division had bats of one kind only. Apparently each species of bat never went to visit any other variety. The atmosphere was close and clannish. This segregation process had been going on for centuries, no doubt, for the cave gave every evidence of having been occupied by that class of tenants since the beginning of time. For thousands of years these bats had been distributing themselves according to race. Generations of bats had come and gone, leaving their bones in the caverns and their children had kept up the class distinctions.

The Bat's Caste System

THE big bats gathered by themselves; the medium-sized brown bats had their own galleries; and the tiny bats, which seemed more like huge insects than animals, were clustered in special reservations. The arrangement was so orderly that one might think it was a bat department-store in charge of a new efficiency expert. For any sort or condition of bat, you would go down so many aisles and turn to the right or the left, as you saw fit.

Imagine bats descended from long lines of forebears brushing disdainfully past the ones that had been in the cave only since the Kang-hsi dynasty, and gathering up their fur as they went for fear of coming in contact with social climbers. To such as these the events of our lives would seem as only incidents, they had been exclusive so long.

Our torches gave only enough light to make out the odd tenants of the place; and the still and drowsy air added to the uncanny effect. Presently a big fellow pendent from the end of a gallery stirred slightly and jostled his neighbor. A faint rustle, as of silken garments and furs, swept along the silent corridors, and the somber colonies stirred into action. Soon bats of all sizes and breeds were in flight. They flew about us, sometimes striking our faces with their smooth, damp wings.

Sometimes one reads of caverns of vampires, and here there came to us the thought of the legends that have to do with these strange fluttering things of the darkness. From such a retreat as this Dracula might have come. Some of the creatures were eighteen inches wide across their wings, and in the half darkness they seemed much larger.

The bat blue-bloods in the great apartment-house that Mr. Andrews discovered objected to flash-lights; so we show these less exclusive families in their two-floor-and-attic tree flat. While lacking many modern features, it will be noticed that the outdoor sleeping porches are all that can be desired.

When They Swarmed Down upon Us

SEVERAL times the bats swarmed about us, so that we were nearly carried off our feet by the impact of the soft bodies against us. We made our way back to the entrance, beating down the whirring masses about us with our clubs; but there was no time to stop and pick any of them up.

It was with a sense of relief that we gained the open air. After that we did our bat collecting at the mouth of the cavern by spreading a net across it and taking such specimens as came out at dusk.

From a scientific point of view, this excursion into the gloomy corridors gave fine results; for I have every reason to believe that our collections include several species never before described.

We left rather sooner than we wished, for a revolution or so had broken out in the vicinity. I have often wondered, since, whether the vampire aristocrats ever got their classifications and social distinctions back to normal: for certainly we did disturb the established order by our invasion.

The Three Favorite Axioms of E. H. Harriman

"To dodge difficulties is to lose the power of decision."

"It is never safe to look into the future with eyes of fear."

"Many spoil much good work for the lack of a little more."

WHY MESS WAS LATE.

Pictures from Home

Let the times temper your giving that the spirit of Christmas may be carried to our soldiers over seas.

Make your gift to those at home, a Kodak, that they in turn may make light hearts and happy faces by sending a continued Kodak story of that home to the brave lads, somewhere in France. Helpful organizations are doing a great work in looking after their physical comforts—but "the folks at home" are the ones who can keep them cheerful in mind and heart—and pictures will help.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Puis-je suggérer que, parmi toutes ces années, il y ait cette année spécialement, un don provenant de France.
—Kerkoff, Paris

Translation: May I suggest above all other years, this year a gift from France.

New Djer-Kiss Calendar. 4 beautiful Djer-Kiss pictures reproduced in rich colors. In size, each is 6 in. by 9 in. The pictures united together with a silk cord. This calendar will be lovely in your bedroom or on your desk. It is sent to you in return for 6c. Write to Alfred H. Smith Co., 27 W. 33rd Street, New York.

¶ Very surely any one of these Djer-Kiss Specialties from France makes a Christmas gift *chic* and *charmant*.

Subtly smart, an exquisite perfume—Djer-Kiss. A shy caress on the cheek of Madame, of Mademoiselle—Djer-Kiss Face Powder. *Voila le talc suprême*—Djer-Kiss Talc. A fragrance enchantingly *parisien*—Djer-Kiss Sachet. A delight *délicat*—Djer-Kiss Toilet Water. So distinctive and eminently French—Djer-Kiss Soap. Soothing for Monsieur after shaving *assurément*—Djer Kiss Vegetale. All express the charm itself of France—the skill incomparable of Kerkoff—master *parfumeur de France*.

ALFRED H. SMITH CO., *Sole Importers*, New York

Djer-Kiss

Made in France only